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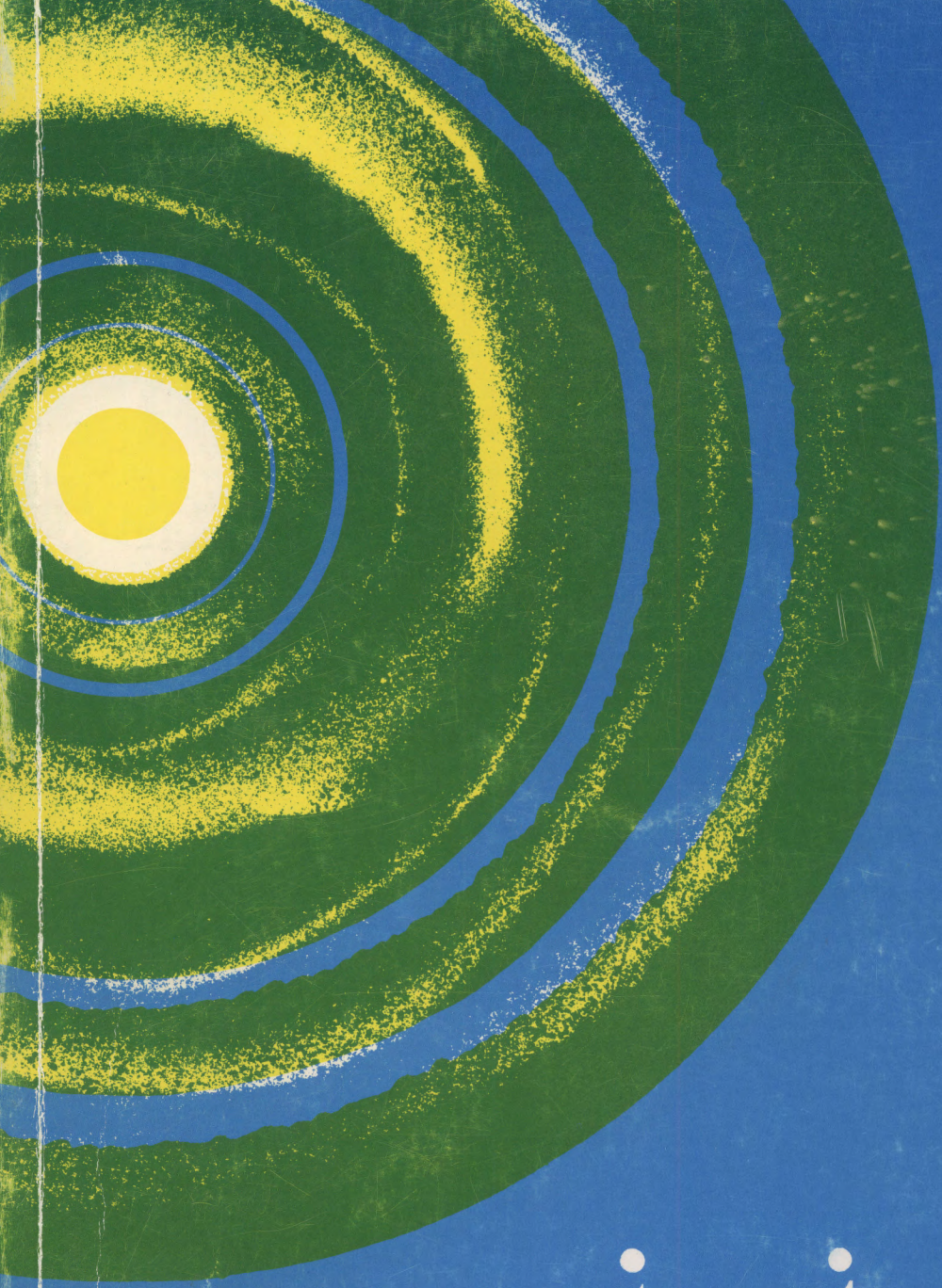

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Volume 1, Number 1

STUDENT CREATIVE WRITING
AND FACULTY ARTICLES
from

MOORHEAD STATE COLLEGE

Moorhead, Minnesota

PREFACE

To present a new magazine in this age of too many writers and too few readers implies a proud, or defiant, assertion of uniqueness. We had best explain at the outset therefore that Convivio *is in no way unique. Its poems obey the laws of syntax, its stories begin and end, and its articles use straight line evidence and reasoning to achieve pungence and point. From type faces to poetic feet* Convivio *inheres to tradition.*

Still, explicitly because Convivio *is not unique we launch it with a special sense of excitement. For although typical, what it typifies has broad and vaulting implications. In the past five years Moorhead State College has tripled in enrollment, in the meantime piling up an arsenal of new departments and staff. Our enrollment explosion has burst barriers in all directions, and students and faculty from everywhere blend together casually, but with the charged excitement that comes from the chance of finding new worlds at every coffee table. If we have our growing pains, there are ample compensations, among them a fresh wave of creativity and scholarship. A dozen people are writing here now for every one before, and the material in this volume is but a fraction of the material—much of it excellent—which we have had to decline.*

We know that Moorhead State College has no monopoly on this surge of change, that hundreds of colleges across the country share our hectic growth of the past few years. And we have come to learn that what nourishes this growth, and kindles it, is the interaction *between new student body and faculty. Hence* Convivio *includes work by students and faculty to present as valid a cross section as possible of a small college in a state of rapid growth. (In later issues we hope to present student-faculty cross sections from other colleges whose development parallels our own.) Such a cross section, we feel, offers a two-pronged advantage: it can show us in narrow focus the broader picture of which we are a part; and it presents to readers elsewhere an image in depth of our college, but so typical an image that they may see themselves in part reflected in it.*

THE EDITORS

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JOHN SKONNORD

I THE FIELDS ARE WHITE

The sunlight no matter how hard he blinked his eyes, seeped in. Even when he held his hands so tightly against his eyes he could feel their curvature, there was light, pink through his flesh, a haze throbbing with red life in which he thought the inside of his head was dimly visible. He opened his eyes and watched the blackness at the periphery of his vision in irregular systole and diastole thin and disappear. The shore was white like the hex bones he had seen the black man in the movie throw, tossing them up against a dark log, when they lay still, as white as the sand and as portentous as the driftwood under his foot. He could tolerate the lake in the daylight, when he saw it only as a body of water, sometimes flat, sometimes chopped by the wind, but always certain because it could be seen—like the rest of the external world, held at bay with his eyes; only at night was the world uncertain; then his eyes probed softly, deeply into the dark, touching nothing.

But only a seer has visions in the day. Under the restraint of light his inchoate mind yielded and committed itself to the bare sand and water; fantasy burned away and was forgotten. He was alone. His parents had gone to the small resort town a few miles away. He had spent the early part of the day on the shore, taking no notice of the time; he thought of his friends in town and knew some of them would be coming to the lake region for the weekend. He knew they would bring dogs and waterskis and give him rides in the roaring speedboats across the lake to noisy resorts. He liked the vibration of those boats, the shocks of the waves, and the way it seemed he could feel the sound of their engines with his whole body.

He was nearsighted, but he took off his glasses when he could because they interrupted a vague sense of participation and continuity with the world; a feeling he tried to effect particularly during the summer. His eyes looked like two soft bruises. The glints off the sunlit water were inflated and dancing, the landscape smirched and indefinite like a chalk drawing blurred with the fist; an homogeneous stew of color laved his melting unblinking eyes, fatly indulging themselves. He saw farther down the adjacent beach a long white dock, projecting out on its reflection,

and darkly outlined on it was a girl whom the boy knew to be named Lory.

He started down the beach toward her, slapping with a bucket at the water and throwing pebbles ahead of him. In the stillness the stones clicked like dice, and he thought of bones and hexes and shiny hollow things that clicked, the beetle yesterday that flicked itself high into the air, called a click-beetle, or the other beetle whose bright carapace he had torn apart with his nails, its tiny armor had clicked and snapped in his fingers, too, just as he had seen the girl's dog gnaw gristled bones that cracked, yielding their marrow. He remembered her dog. He stopped and looked around him for a red, lunging shape, but he could not see it anywhere in the wide expanse of lawn sloping gently to the lake. He continued, wishing he had his glasses, his ears attentive for distant barking or a rattling chain—the collar of a running dog. His last pebble bounced off the dock.

She had seen him coming, swinging his bucket, throwing pebbles. "Don't throw stones at my dock, little boy." The girl said this over her shoulder, for she was lying at the end of the dock, daubing at her fingernails from bottles of metallic paints; some were gunmetal grey, others sulphuric greens and yellow, molten red and orange; one was striped, another edged in silver; her thumbnail had two eyes and a mouth. She turned over and sat up, to paint her toenails. Part of her was cased in a suit of purple silk-elastic whose straps hung at her sides like braces. The rest of her was evenly browned to a ripe luster. Sand sugared her thighs. The summer was in its last month.

The boy only stood at the end of the dock and looked at her, at the top of her head as she was bent over in intent application, and at her spread feet whose nails were becoming green and orange and yellow, winking wetly in the sun. Her tangled brown hair had pale, sunbleached streaks. She looked up and said, "And don't come any closer or you'll get sand on my nails."

"They look like beetles," he said.

He bent down and, holding on to the spile to steady himself, scooped his bucket full of water, scraping it along the bottom to catch up sand and stones. He arose and advanced to the farther end of the dock, feeling the square white edges of the separated planking press into his feet. Without raising her head the girl put the bottles of paint with their baroque caps carefully behind her, and then jumped up and said all at once, "Micky don't you dare!", grabbing his arm so that only a little of the water ran down her leg. She twisted the tin bucket out of his struggling grasp and threw it in the lake. She stood on his feet and laughed, holding his arms behind him, looking down at his head with its uncut dark hair.

He held his face away from her suit, damp and full of sand, and his myopic eyes remarked the even stitching and elastic ribs which divided and seemed to support the design in the suit itself, whose winey, involute writhings appeared alive and without end. His arches hurt him: they were being pressed hard into the planking, but by no amount of exertion could he free himself, either his feet or his arms, wrenched high between his shoulder blades. He stopped fighting and relaxed, still keeping his face away from the hot purple cloth of her suit. She released his arms and pivoted her feet. He walked to the end of the dock and sat down on the lawn, looking about him to see if her shouting had attracted the dog. The girl gathered the nail polish bottles into a bag with a drawstring, then ran to the end of the dock and dove in the water. A jack-knife it was called, the boy thought. Her head appeared a few yards beyond, and the boy saw her tread water, facing the shore, while she did something with her suit, for he could see her arms break water in clumsy gestures. Then he remembered her loose shoulder-straps and the dive, the jack-knife, and he heard her laugh softly as she swam slowly to shore, placing and lifting her arms in the water with care.

For a long time he had sat next to her while she lay drying herself in the sun. He observed that she did not move when crickets and grasshoppers popped from the yellowing grass and landed on her legs, leaving behind them a tiny spot of wetness that soon dried. He saw that there was no sand now on her suit, and he followed the tormented, dark and conspiring patterns of the design until they were lost in a pleat or by a movement of her body. Her hair was matted and unpleasant, but its heavy waves were as madly involved as the single device of the suit, convulsive and elaborate. And with magnificent leisure he looked at her body, feeling himself to be for the first time an accomplice in a magnanimous and proud crime whose perpetrator was the girl lying beside him, and whose guilt was so artificial and factitious compared to the act itself that he looked up to the sun, swelling and pulsing in his temples, the thanksgiving of a desert saint in the final stages of ecstasy and malnutrition.

She got up and went over to a wide hammock suspended from a framework of tubing, woven of broad strips of synthetic fabric; it looked poised and tense to the boy, with its aluminum tubing, springs and colored plastic, light and deadly on the treeless lawn. She lay down on her stomach and the tubing bent slightly, the springs squeaked, the flat, plaited hammock rocked; she smiled at him, her chin resting on her crossed arms. "There's room for you, too."

Ever since he had seen the girl's father set up the hammock early in the season, the boy had coveted it. That a hammock could

be self-sustaining, self-contained, like a trampoline, interested him intensely, for the concept of a hammock had always seemed flawed to him by the necessity of having two trees the proper distance apart. But this shining artificial thing that they left outside in rain and storms and in the sun, gleaming and isolated, delighted him. He went over to it and lay down carefully on his back, noticing how stiff the cloth was, how his weight hardly stretched the springs or disturbed its general tension. He lay straight as a mummy, sensing with his entire body the space beneath him, which he pretended was thousands of feet, and the endless vault of the bleached sky above him with its silent and intense sun.

The girl moved closer to the center to avoid tilting the hammock with her weight, which the boy's could not counter-balance. She looked out across the lake at the opposite shore, dark with trees, at the tiny wakes of speedboats, and drummed her fingers on the fabric; her face pouted. She looked down on the boy, at his closed eyes, violet-shaded, whose lids never entirely cleared the iris, and, licking a finger, she smoothed his eyebrows. His eyes opened instantly. "Hey, Mick, what should we do. We can go inside and play canasta. It's too hot out here." The boy's eyes closed again. He was concentrating on the difference in heat of the bands of plastic cloth; the whites were cooler than the dark reds and purples, and he thought of her swimming-suit, how hot it must be, but he didn't want to go inside. "What's canasta," he said.

"Stupid, it's a card game. I'll teach you how. You can smoke one of Mother's cigarettes. Come on."

The boy didn't move. He imagined the hammock, the thin hot fabric, didn't exist; that he was suspended, buoyed in a medium purer than the clearest tropical water, like the picture he had seen of a Carib's proa hanging twenty feet over the ocean floor, the sky nearly the same aquamarine as the water, everything motionless in the transparent sea. His eyes opened and he stared at the sun.

"Don't stare at the sun, you'll hurt your eyes. Let's go inside. I don't bite." She saw something wink at her, a charm on a string around his neck. She picked it off his chest. "What's this?" It was a tiny metal skull, with two pieces of red glass in the eye sockets.

"It's mine," he said, looking at her.

"Why do you wear this awful thing?" The skull was heavy and twirled on its string, warm and shiny, twinkling. "It's cute, though; can I have it?" The boy grabbed for it abruptly, but her hand closed over it, and she laughed.

"Give it here," he said. "It belongs to me. It's lucky."

"I want to be lucky, too. Micky, let me have it, please. Pretty, pretty, pretty, prettypretty please. Don't you like me?" The boy was leaning on his elbow, the string pressing against the back of

his neck. For a minute anger and panic mingled in his throat; suddenly he felt very tired.

He lunged, then, at her fist with the captive skull, pushing her back with his momentum, holding her arm with one hand and prying at her fingers with the other, pressing her hand against the plaited, colored straps; the hammock nearly overturned. But she had been waterskiing all summer and he could not open her fingers. He thought of hitting her and raised his arm to threaten; she screeched, "Micky, don't you hit me!" and he lowered his hand, shocked when he saw her eyes were glistening. He lost his balance in the swaying hammock and she overthrew him easily, her fist with the skull pressing down his chest and her other hand circling his wrists; he saw their slim, tan fingers and chromatic nails touching. He couldn't move under her weight; he stopped fighting. The hammock rocked; they were breathing heavily.

The girl grabbed the two strings around his throat and held them tightly, in order not to hurt him, while she yanked sharply on the skull in her fist. The string, rotten with sweat, broke. Before the boy could resist, she had dropped the skull between her breasts, pulling the bathing-suit away from her body slightly to let it slip down. "*Now* won't you let me keep it?" She sat back, straddling his legs, smiling.

The boy was astounded. The skull, one of his most personal possessions, whose every scratch and peculiarity he had examined and pondered, now seemed as irretrievably lost behind that swarming visceral design in the suit as if it had been thrown into a maelstrom or a mountain gorge. He no longer thought to regain his possession: that seemed beyond all possibility, but a choking anger mounted in his chest as he thought only to punish the girl who had reaved him of it. He began twisting and fighting without purpose. She tried to keep him from hitting by pinning his futile fists against the hammock, but his violence was not calmed. "Micky, stop fighting, I'll give it back to you, I will . . . I was just kidding, don't be mad . . . Mickey, stop hitting!" Finally she lay full on top of him. He was suddenly quiet. The weight of her body, the numbing heat of her suit, absorbed the last of his energy; he thought he was smothering in a cardiac warmth; over her shoulder he could barely see a gull, circling the water and screaming coarsely.

She got up slowly, ready for any renewal of his violence. "Now, I'll give it to you, I promise, but only if you don't fight any more. I don't want it anyway. How come you get so mad?" She sat at the edge of the hammock, looking at him. "C'mon, then, if you want your old skull."

He looked at her stupidly; he did not know if he could rise; if it was not she it was the sun, crushing him flat and unmoving. "Come where?" he asked.

"*Inside the house.* You don't expect me to undress out here, do you? For a bright boy you're awfully dumb sometimes."

Then he understood. He had thought the skull lost in the horrifying and impossible complexity of the design in the suit; it had seemed as though he could not hope to see it again, but of a sudden he realized it was not lost, that it was merely caught between the disturbing purple suit and her skin; he could see where it was, a bump under the tight cloth. He felt his scattered senses returning like birds to a telephone wire; he felt he could get up.

They walked to the house; the grass under their feet was short and coarse from the sun, like fine stubble. Grasshoppers spurted up around their legs, vellum wings whirring dryly; the boy thought of their wet, sliding mandibles and oozing abdomens, their spiny, powerful legs. At the door the boy heard it, the jingling of a chain, just as he saw the abhorred red shape racing up from the beach. The dog had been nosing some fishy offal on the shore when he saw his mistress approaching the house; now he was bounding toward them in crazed excitement. The girl welcomed the dog's pawing forelegs on her shoulders and remained a few minutes to play with him. Its name was Red. She laughed and called his name urging him to jump, only to pull him down by his collar. She plunged her hands in his loose, matted coat and shook him like a carpetbag, holding his writhing body to the ground, but he was too strong and squirmed free, clacking his jaws at her in fierce joy, his supplicating tongue banging back and forth in his mouth. The boy was terrified, but the dog seemed not to see him, even bumping against him once or twice, unheeding. When she had done with hauling him around the yard, she hefted a heavy stick in front of his nose and threw it high in the air, so that it caught in a tree; the dog ran in his frantic servitude to find it, casting this way and that, his head wagging in search. The girl laughed, and then opened the door for the boy to enter the kitchen.

"Sit down, Mick. Take a load off your feet. Want something cool to drink?" She opened the refrigerator, stretching her arms high above her head in the soft blast of cold air. "I'd like to get inside!—Well, *do* you?"

"No. I have to get home." The chairs and table were steel and cool to his skin; the girl turned her back to the open compartment as though warming herself before a fire; the boy tried to make out the position of the skull beneath her suit, but it was not light enough in the kitchen, and his eyes only lost themselves in the occult design framed by the livid glare of the refrigerator door. He thought too it might have shifted in the struggle with her dog.

"Sure you do. Some nice cold milk. And I'll have some iced coffee. I always drink coffee." She took a pitcher and a carton

from the tray and closed the door. "Get some cups, make yourself useful." He brought cups to the table. "Milk for you and coffee for me."

The boy didn't want the milk; he knew it was ice-cold and would probably make him sick after the exertion in the sun; but now inside the house he was afraid to ask her for the skull, and he didn't know whether she had forgotten it or was teasing him, or intended to keep it after all. He searched the girl's face as she sipped the coffee with approving noises, her little finger with grace extended; he waited for her to smile secretly or to exaggerate a gesture, when he would know she was just playing with him, and that the house and the dog and the milk were all tricks to make him forget about the skull, his skull, that she had coveted and taken from him. He thought that if he discovered she was teasing him he would get up and leave, and come back the next day, or tell her mother to return it, anything rather than to remain here drinking milk and waiting, because he was too tired to struggle against her any more. But she looked him seriously in the eyes and asked him questions about school and didn't seem to be lingering over the coffee, so that he couldn't tell if she were teasing him; he was almost disappointed, for he wanted to leave, even without the skull, but he needed an excuse.

He finished the milk; it lay viscid and cold at the bottom of his stomach; he was very thirsty. "Come into the living room, Mick; we can read magazines; we've got lots of magazines. I know you like to read."

They sat on the sofa; magazines cluttered the coffee table. Out the large picture-window the boy saw the curve of the point, the white strand, and the single elm marking land's end. Across the lawn ranged the tireless red dog, now galloping after a black retriever. The two dogs clambered over each other, their coats hanging on them like carpets, loose over stringy muscles, lean from running the fields after farm machinery. The boy watched them with dismay; he knew he couldn't leave the house if they were there.

"I bet you read a lot of books."

"Sometimes."

"We haven't got any books here. But I've got some at home. I like to read, too, really."

"Lory, I want my . . ."

"You'll get it, I told you you'll get it! Micky, you're not very polite. If you were nice you'd let me keep it anyway." The girl threw down the magazine and leaned back on the sofa; she didn't look at him. He stirred his feet on the rush matting that covered

the hardwood floors; it gritted under his feet as though there were sand beneath it. He was embarrassed by the girl's words and thought of telling her she could keep the skull, but the next moment the thought of never seeing it again was too fearful, and he resolved to have it. He glanced at her, arms crossed and frowning, and at her suit for the bump formed by the trinket; it was farther down now and to one side. He was so close to it; if only he could pluck it out of that elastic, garish web.

Suddenly her face changed. "Hey, Mike, how would you like to see something?"

"What," he asked. She was trying to smile, trying to make him smile.

"Something in my room. You'd like to see it, I bet. And I'll give you the skull. Come on."

"You said you'd give it to me; why don't you?"

"I *will*, but I want to show you something, too."

"What," he asked obstinately.

"Don't ask, silly. Don't you want to come in my room?"

"No."

She went to a door. "O.K. for you." She left the door partly open and the boy waited. He thought of the red bits of glass and the yellow tarnish on the metal, its heavy twirling weight at the end of a string. After a while the rustling in the room ceased. "Mike." He heard her voice low behind the door. "Mike."

"What."

"Here it is, Mike."

"Give it to me," he said.

The door was wrenched open and she threw something at him that clattered on the floor. "Take your old thing, then." She had no clothes on. "Don't you like me even a little, Micky?" She wasn't smiling. The boy said nothing; he felt unable to breathe. She slammed the door and he heard the lock snap.

He was choking with rage at himself and at the situation, a burgeoning anger that was only augmented by the pride he felt for the girl suddenly, and for the act in which she had tried to implicate him, the same pride he had felt sitting beside her in the sun. Though he didn't know why, his anger concentrated itself on the skull, gleaming on the matting; it had caused him to forget the high conspiracy between the girl and himself, and had given him a chance to cowardly hurt her. He snatched it up and ran outside.

He was some yards down the driveway when he heard the jingling of chains and the paralyzing sound of running feet on the gravel. He knew he mustn't run and he knew he couldn't

keep from running, but before he could decide the dogs were leaping around him, snapping and twisting in the air, their heads bobbing as high as his own, ecstatic, possessed. He stood still, hoping they would tire and go away, but they continued barking and lunging, eyes eclipsing in excitement, raising dust that burned his eyes. The immunity he enjoyed with the girl was no longer his. He looked up at the sun, almost in accusation, and tears of pure fright starting in his eyes. Then he heard the door slam behind him and her voice, calling to the dogs who immediately raced back to her. The boy walked steadily down the driveway, towards the gate and fence separating the property of his family from that of the girl's. He heard the dogs being scolded and her voice calling to him to wait. She said she was sorry about the dogs, that she didn't want him to be mad. He heard her feet on the gravel and he increased his pace, then broke into a run; he knew he could out-run her at least. He was running for the fence; the skull was in his fist and he was running for the fence. He was so tired he thought he would faint.

THE MADRUGADOR

There were left to him the mornings
Before the wind had risen
Before the heat had started from the earth
Before the mind had gained momentum
And the day carried all before it.

Then was the fine hour of belief,
As though memory stopped at the edge
Of night, and he knew only the touch
Of wood and the sweet juice of a pear.

The sun in his youth was a brother
Who consorted in his plans and stood committed
To his camp; in his noon of middle age a father
And a rival to be met and beaten on the
Field; in his senility a god
He feared, and was unable not, to sin against.

Yet in the morning the young sun spoke
Not of the day's contest and fear
Nor of his gathering strength
Nor of his eventual divinity
But was silent in the peace of the opening grass.

THREE FAMILIAR FACES

(Materials for a music drama)

—There are two plays: an unreal, pantomime drawing room comedy given for a painted audience on the backdrop and an opera-drama (unacted, merely sung) which only the real audience can hear.

—There are three singers: a girl, and two men (designated L1 and L2 in the stage directions).

—*The personalities (as expressed in their singing) of the three characters of the opera are distinct from and unrelated to the personalities (as expressed by their actions) of the same three in the mock play.*

—The "plots" of the two plays are also totally unrelated, just as are the twin characters of each of the three singer-actors.

—The three singers are not the main characters of the mock play.

—There will be a continuous discord between what is being sung and what is being done.

The curtain rises to show a backdrop on which is a painted audience and at the foot of which are placed bright stagelights shining into the real audience and garishly back-lighting all the action on the stage. The scene is that of a drawing room, but all the furniture (chairs, settee, table) is arranged as though for the painted audience; likewise all the action is apparently a mimed play being given for the mock audience.

PLAY: ACT I

The girl is sitting in a chair partly facing the backdrop audience and reading a magazine. A larger, older woman enters (throughout the mock play this woman will appear to be the main character) as though she had been looking for her, and they mime a conversation, the older woman animated and the girl at first calm, then slightly bored at the information she has received. She puts the magazine down reluctantly. The woman looks to the wings and appears to call, for a maid enters, receives orders, and comes back a few minutes later with a pad, pencils and a deck of cards and puts them on the table in the center of the room, first removing and folding the tablecloth. The girl sets three chairs to the table while the woman energetically supervises. The three appear to hear a bell, and the maid leaves the room to answer it. The woman excitedly fusses; the girl calmly turns her back to the mock audience and wanders to the front of the stage. The maid ushers in a young man, L2, overdressed and seemingly vociferous in his greeting of the woman, who in turn is warmly polite. She apparently calls to the girl who turns back to the room, crosses it and is introduced to the popinjay. Her actions indicate that she is just

barely polite. They sit down at the table, the young man having a difficult time holding both chairs for the woman and the girl; the girl is on the right, the man on the left, and the woman between them facing the mock audience. They play cards, the woman and the man apparently carrying most of the conversation, the girl occasionally forced to join in; whenever she seems to say anything the coxcomb seems to earnestly agree. The girl does not appear much impressed by the man's appearance or conversation, the brilliance of which often causes the woman to throw back her head in amusement. Midway through the game the girl begins to sing her first lines; she must separate entirely her facial expressions and attitude toward the man, which remain diffident, from the sentiment of her lines. The others seem not to notice her singing and continue playing.

OPERA: SCENE A

GIRL. Your hair is black and curls like wire.
Are you man enough to please me?

The man (L2) is now miming a story; the woman feigns helpless laughter; the girl smiles boredly.

GIRL. When I was little and lived in dreams
Dark men like you would frighten me.
Since then I've learned to frighten them.

The card game continues. L2 delivers his singing lines the same way as the girl, i.e. his actions, flashy and fatuous, have nothing to do with his singing, which is controlled and grave.

L2. I should be sorry if you thought I
Meant you harm; you are fragile,
Easily bruised, and need protection.
If I can be of service, call. ((cuts deck with one hand))

GIRL. You don't fool me for a minute.
Behind your smooth solicitude
Is your hunger to be pleased.
But I don't care. I'm not little
Any more; besides, I like you. ((frowns))

The three shuffle, deal and play as before, miming conversation.

L2. I'm entirely satisfied.
Your friendship is enough for me.

GIRL. Why, of course. Nothing more. ((smiles politely at L2))

L2. You know, you're only more attractive
When you're hard and bitter.
Be careful. I don't want to love you. ((smiles winningly at woman and girl))

Music stops. (Between several of the scenes of the opera, a time lapse is indicated by a cessation of the music; the mock play, however, continues.)

The card game comes to an end, L2 must leave, is seen to door by woman and girl, the woman cordial, the girl unenthusiastic. When he is gone the woman chatters away to the girl, apparently about L2; the girl shrugs. The maid comes, clears away cards, replaces tablecloth, begins to set up the table for tea. The girl leaves, re-enters with several other people, among them L1, a crew-cut vigorous type in tennis whites. Much mimed conversation goes on among the six or seven persons gathered for tea. The girl and L1 are seated together at one end of the table. Their actions are those of two people trying to avoid showing too obviously that they like each other. Their sung lines are, again, entirely different in feeling and tone from their actions. L1 in the sung drama, the opera, is openly confident and passionate in his love, while the girl, thinking about L2, is already beginning to tire of L1.

OPERA: SCENE B

L1. When can I see you again?

GIRL. We have to be careful.

L1. That doesn't sound like you:
It wasn't only *my* eagerness
That nearly got us caught the last time.
You whimpered I was cruel to be
So slow, while you were dying for me;
So I lost all my reason
And abandoned caution.

GIRL. If you refer to that again
I'll be very angry with you.
I was angry with you then:
It's stupid to be indiscreet.

L1. You didn't let your anger spoil
Your pleasure; if you were angry then
I'd like to see you furious.

GIRL. I never let anything spoil it:
That's more foolish still.

L1. You were superb, and I was never
Happier. In your experience
You led me, blind and bending, through
A storm of senses to an empty
Shore where I could only lie
Still as driftwood by your side.
I can live on that forever.

((the woman stands up, seems to speak briefly, and points out one of those seated at the table; she sits down, he rises, seems to say a few words, then sits down while the others applaud silently))

GIRL. I'm glad for you.

Music stops.

Tea is over. L1 and girl leave stage, still acting their roles in the mock play, while the others remain, standing and apparently waiting for more arrivals. A party is forming. L2 enters from left with

a laughing, gesticulating crowd. L1 and the girl enter from right. There are now perhaps a dozen or more people on the stage: a group of three men standing and talking, one couple dancing slowly and dreamily, another couple sitting apart and conversing, and the older woman and a distinguished gentleman in the center of the stage who are evidently the center of attraction for the backdrop audience; drinks are in hand, servants minister to them all. To one side and in the foreground (or background from the point of view of the mock audience) are the girl, L1, and L2. The three, of course, sing the opera-drama but act the mock play.

OPERA: SCENE C

GIRL. Why don't you get more rest?
You're not as neat as you should be.

L1. Where have you been? ((the woman appears to be introducing the gentleman to other guests))
I never see you any more.
What have you been doing
That you couldn't do with me?

GIRL. Don't be so demanding:
It's not attractive.

L2. I've never seen your friend before,
And you've never mentioned him.
If you'd rather, I will leave.

GIRL. There's no reason why you should:
We have little to talk over
And nothing we can't say with you.

L1. Nothing but a past together
That turns my guts to water ((L1 is handed a drink))
When I think of it.
How can you forget such sweetness?

GIRL. If you won't stop, I shall ask you to leave. ((girl smiles fondly at L1))

L1. If that's all I can do to please
You, I'll leave without your asking. ((L1 returns her smile))

L1 signifies his "leaving" by ceasing to sing, though he still remains with them acting out his part in the mock play; L2 and the girl sing their lines as though L1 were gone and unable to hear them, which situation, in the convention of this opera, may be the case, for the opera-drama exists only as a kind of emotional, wordless telepathy, dependent on the will of the participants.

GIRL. Must I apologize?

L2. Of course not. I understand.

GIRL. I've always hated his self-pity:
It was a rank vine, feeding
On our feelings, growing
Fat on giving, and at last
Choking out the sun. ((two guests seem to laugh over something))

L2. I warn you that I liked the way
You handled him, like a surgeon
Excising a disease,
Merciless and clean.

GIRL. So you're bold enough to warn
Me, are you? I like a man
Broad as the sea, who can
Drown me in his giving
And never miss the loss.
Tell me what other things you do. ((a guest demonstrates the procedure for shooting an elephant))

L2. It would only bore you;
And you're a girl, it seems to me,
Whose only purpose is to be
Delighted.
Trust that I can please you.

GIRL. I hope you know it won't be easy;
You warned me, so I'll warn you:
I shan't be kind if you can't.

L2. Then for my sake too I'll have to. ((the distinguished gentleman suffers an affront, the woman pleads w/him, but he leaves indignantly))
GIRL. I'm glad you understand.
Music stops.

Curtain falls in front of the backdrop to end "act one" of the mock play.

PLAY: ACT II

Everyone leaves stage, then L1 re-enters and occupies couch at far left. Several other characters stand talking at stage center: the woman, the girl, and a servant, perhaps a chauffeur. L2 enters and sits down beside L1; the two appear to chat casually, but at the same time they sing their arias. Curtain over backdrop goes up rapidly. The whole operation should take less than thirty seconds.

OPERA: SCENE D

ARIA

L1. I've lost her, she no longer needs
Me to keep her secrets, nor
Wishes me to know her closely,
She withholds her favors from me,
With me no liberty's permitted,
And I must wait upon her call,
I can do nothing to make her
Want me more than others, she
Will never ache to give herself ((L1 lights cigar))
To me again, or feel my absence,
There is another she prefers
To trust with all her guarded gifts.

ARIA

L2. I have her, she will always need
Me to keep her secrets, she
Wishes me to know her closely,
She withholds no favors from me,
With me no liberty's forbidden,
And she waits upon my call,
I need do nothing to make her
Want me more than others, she
Aches to give herself to me,
And then pines to feel my absence,
There is no other she prefers ((L2 crushes out cigar))
To trust with all her guarded gifts.

Music stops.

The woman turns and appears to call to the two men sitting on the couch; they join the woman, girl and servant at center stage, near the backdrop. The girl ignores the ingratiating adulation of L2, and exchanges kind looks with L1. The woman says something to L2; he replies, and turns to L1 who smiles and good-naturedly shakes his hand in leave-taking. The woman speaks to the girl; she obediently conducts L2 off the stage, casting a last fond look at L1, who nods pleasantly. Then L1 goes off stage talking to the chauffeur. The woman proceeds to set up the table for cards as in the first scene; directly the girl returns and helps her. L2 and the distinguished counterpart to the woman now enter and the four sit down to play cards (gin rummy), the girl and L2 positioned as in the first scene, the woman and the gentleman on one side facing the backdrop. Here again the woman seems to dominate the action, as though she is the main character of the mock play. The girl acts diffidently polite to the effusiveness of L2.

OPERA: SCENE E

DUET

GIRL. Last night was beautiful. I love you.
I have never known another
Make me feel unworthy to be
Wanted and grateful to be loved,
But you. How can I deserve
You, for no one knows my poor,
Vain frailness more than I, ((girl appears to rummy))
But if you'll try to love me just
A little, my happiness is full.

L2. You were beautiful last night.
I love you. I have never known
Another make me worthy to be
Wanted and deserving love

But you. Only I deserve
You, for no one loves your poor,
Vain frailness more than I,
But if you'll let me love you just ((L2 seems surprised she has rummyed))
A little, my happiness is full.

Music continues into following scene.

L2 looks at watch, hurriedly takes leave of those at the table; the other man rises, but the girl acknowledges L2's departure. Soon after he leaves the card game dissolves, the man exits, and the table is set for tea as in the second scene. L1 enters; in the mock play the budding romance between him and the girl is, to judge from their actions and expressions, well along. Others enter and they sit at tea as before.

OPERA: SCENE F

L1. It seems like years since I've seen you.

GIRL. Oh not really that long.

L1. No, I suppose not to you.

Pause in singing. The silent gabble of tea continues.

L1. Is there anything I can do ((the woman seems to address various guests in turn))
For you? Anything at all?

GIRL. No, I don't believe so;
Thank you, though.
If there is, I'll let you know.

L1. You're killing me. You know that.

GIRL. Now don't start again. Be nice.

L1. All right. I don't want you
To dislike me. You won't, will you?

GIRL. Of course not. I'll be your friend
If you like. ((girl seems to respond to a question of the woman's))

Pause in singing. L1's next lines sung through clenched teeth.

L1. How generous of you.

GIRL. I beg your pardon?

L1. What magnificent charity!

GIRL. I don't understand you.

L1. Your satisfaction maddens me.
Maddens me! Do you remember
How I used to fill you till you
Brimmed with pleasure, shaking ((two men get in a heated argument; the woman tries to pacify them, but one gets up and leaves angrily))
Like a fountain with delight?
It was I, *I*, whom you now
Deign to favor as a friend!

GIRL. You told me you could live on that
Forever. /You'd better get started. (spoken)/

Pause in singing. L1's next lines are flat, toneless.

L1. I deserve better than this.
You will agree, won't you?

GIRL. No.

L1. You cannot leave me to my pain
Like an animal. You agree,
Don't you?

((a man provokes the entire group, including L1 & the girl, to silent laughter))

GIRL. No.

L1. You have no right to hurt me.
You can agree, can't you?

GIRL. No.
I'm sorry for you, I suppose,
But you should know there's nothing I
Can do. I won't agree to what
You've said, I've done nothing wrong,
And you're mean to think so.
You know the way I am.

L1. That's just it, I *know*.
I know why you're pleasant now,
Why you're calm and placid
And glowing like a fed cat!
I know!

((the woman seems to say something serious; the guests nod solemnly and clap briefly and silently))

The girl sings no more in this scene, but continues to act in the mock play as she has throughout the scene, that is, as the fond girlfriend of L1. L1's next lines are sung into the ghastly gulf of the pantomimed tea party.

L1. I'm sorry. Forgive me.
Pause.

L1. Will you?
Pause.

L1. Answer me!
Pause. Then, almost inaudibly,

L1. *Please.*
Music stops.

The curtain rushes down over backdrop to mark the end of another hilarious "act" of the mock play.

PLAY: ACT III

All actors leave stage, some returning soon after, among them L1, who sits in a chair at stage front (with respect to the real audience) and directly facing the backdrop. He will remain in this position throughout the next scene, his back to the real audience, his head facing forward. The mock action is a vigorous argument

between the woman and the girl at stage center near the backdrop; they take no notice of L1 until the end of the scene. Time between "acts" is again very brief. Backdrop curtain up.

OPERA: SCENE G

ARIA

L1. Why does it take so long to die?
I must have passed beyond pain
And missed my dying. I'm on the other
Side of death, outside its reach,
And I'm free to watch my body
Walking, smiling, greeting friends
Of the deceased, and sympathizing.
She shouldn't have done it.
I didn't deserve it. ((girl seems to admonish the woman))
She doesn't know how good I was
To her, and now she'll never know:
I'll never have the chance to show her.
I have one solace, only one,
And one hope: that I may tend ((girl seems to plead with woman))
My secret fire of pain and fan
It into hate.
Hate will distill my heart
To render venom that
Will drip corroding, eat
Away soft feeling, and leave me
Clear and empty as a bell.
Damn her, ruthlessly taking her pleasure! ((girl jumps happily, as though she's won her argument))

Music continues.

The woman exits. The girl runs quickly to L1 in the chair and happily tells him something (or appears to in the mock play). He jumps up and ingenuously hugs her; they hold hands while the following scene of the opera takes place. They must look as though they are carrying on an entirely different conversation from the one they sing.

OPERA: SCENE H

GIRL. Why don't you pull yourself together?
Your misery's depressing.
Forget about me; you're too good
For me anyway.

L1. I know why you're saying that.

GIRL. Because it's true, I never was
Any good.

L1. It won't work; I still want you.

GIRL. I'm trying to be nice to you,
Why won't you let me?
Go away, meet someone else,
I don't want to hurt you.

L1. Thank you; you're too kind.

GIRL. If you dare annoy me again
You'll be sorry. Why can't you learn?

L1. I've learned a lot; it's your turn now.

GIRL. That's where you're wrong; I want nothing
More to do with you and your
Wretched love that clings and winds
Around my soul.

((still holding hands, they go to the couch, sit down, and cozily converse))

L1. Your soul! I've clung and wound
All right, but not around
Your soul!

GIRL. That's all for you. You have no right
To hurt me, just because you're bitter.

L1. I didn't mean it, listen to me.

Music continues.

The girl ceases to sing to him, but still acts as though no one else exists for her. During the above, people have been gathering on stage for a party as in the third scene. The woman and the distinguished gentleman again are obviously the center of attention in the mock play, which, to judge from the disguises removed, identities revealed, and conflicts resolved, is moving to an uproarious close. L2 joins L1 and the girl near the front of the stage and to the side (*re* the real audience); the girl acts as though she is thoroughly displeased to see L2 and draws near L1. However, they *sing*:

OPERA: SCENE I

TRIO

GIRL. Oh, I'm glad to see you!

L1. No, don't say that to him!

L2. And I have missed you so.

L2. Are you annoyed I'm late?

GIRL. No longer. You're forgiven.

L1. Please don't treat me like this.

L1. I'll give you one more chance.

GIRL. I was getting bored.

L2. Then it's well I came.

L2. Will we meet as planned?

L1. Stop it, I can't stand it!

GIRL. You know I wouldn't miss it.

L2. I've thought of ways to please you.
GIRL. I'm eager to be shown them.
L1. Don't you care at all?

((the woman pulls the beard off a foreign-looking personage, never before seen in the play, and all the characters register great surprise))

GIRL. May I belong to you?
L2. Yes, I'll take of you.
L1. ---------- (L1 has died emotionally and remains silent.)
Pause in singing.
GIRL. Well, he's gone, I'm glad of that.
L2. You might have been a little kinder,
The poor devil couldn't help it.
GIRL. I simply won't be forced to pity!
He wanted more than I
Was willing he should have;
I was right to give him
Nothing!
You're not going to scold me, too?

((a man rushes in, breathlessly seems to tell them all something of the greatest importance; then they all feign laughter))

L2. No. My duty is to please you;
You may trust me not to fail.
GIRL. I'm happy that we know each other
And our needs so well; I'm neither
Harsh nor overly demanding,
I just don't like complications.

SONG

GIRL. He didn't know why I refused him,
And he thought that I abused him
When I took our mild
Bouquet of memories
And threw it down, and smiled
No longer at his pleas;
But the reason was he
Simply ceased to please me.

((L2 seems to be making an earnest proposal to the girl; she shakes her head in refusal and looks up at L1 trustingly; L1 puts his arm around her))

L2. You may do the same to me
If I forget my obligation
To keep you zoned and warded
From discomfort and privation.
GIRL. (luxuriously) I don't think we'll ever part.

((L2 looks crestfallen))

L1. (toneless) Be just a little afraid of me.
GIRL. You! I *despise* you, do you hear?

((the woman, hitherto domineering, seems to be making a humble apology to the distinguished gentleman; reconciliation, happy ending of mock play))

For the first time the three singers perform actions which coincide with their feelings. L1 takes out an automatic and shoots L2 several times; L2 falls to the stage, and the girl breaks away from

the embrace of L1, where she has sung her last line, and falls on the motionless body of L2. These actions should be performed realistically and in totally different manner from the way all the characters have acted in the mock play hitherto. And since the singers' actions no longer conflict with their feelings, they are silent. The mock play ends shortly after the opera, the actors taking no notice of the shots and resulting commotion, and the curtain falls over the backdrop. As the mock play ends the actors "freeze" in the characteristic, end-of-the-performance attitudes, and for the real audience there is a tableau of the actors motionlessly facing the backdrop, and the singers off to one side, the girl sobbing over L2, and L1 standing above them both with the gun. Then the backdrop curtain rises and as the mock actors (not the singers, who keep their positions) take their bows, to the backdrop, both curtains fall.

BEETHOVEN AT THE TAP

He manages them into the bowl; at his will
Water runs over them, chilling the distended
Veins and filling the cup of palms to spill
Down the backs, drawing smooth the bunched gut
In each finger; the oblation ended
He wonders why they still open and shut.

THE UNRAVELLED MADONNA

Across from her the wounded waited
For tenting words, for sterilizing tears;
But she stirred her coffee, till it cooled
Enough to leave, and merely watched his lone
Hand that folded in itself her fears
Of accusation; then she rose, sated,
While her heart, in refusing to be fooled,
Beat blindly like a rabbit caged in bone.

THE DIRTIEST STORY EVER TOLD

In a far country lived a young man sick at heart over a girl who repulsed all his advances with disdain and who passed him every day in the road with as much notice as if he had been a fencepost. This young man, to cool somewhat his burning heart, would walk at night through the fields, brandishing his bare arms at the moon and talking loudly to himself. At last, one night, when it seemed as though his lungs ached and withered from the heat of his despairing blood, so that he thought his end was close and with it the riddance of his pain, he cried out in fear. Whereupon a curious fat old man crawled out from behind a rock, as though disturbed in his sleep, and looked at the young man with disgust, for he was really a miserable sight, unshaven, drawn of feature, tear-streaked, with rents in his clothing and nettles in his hair, gulping sobs of love and rage.

"By the lord Harry!" shouted the fat old man, "who are you to ruin my sleep?"

So strange was this old man that the mercurial lover began to laugh with unpardonable excess, until the little man pulled out a cudgel from behind his rock and administered a stabilizing blow to the lover's thick, young skull, at which Coherency, long absent from the young man's life, appeared to him in the steel armor of Athena, and helped him to his feet.

"Since you are old and fat, I shall not wreak vengeance for this action, performed in anger and with, I freely admit, some justice, which, in other circumstances, must be the last of your life." So said the young man, who still was, it must be confessed, callow and fatuous to a degree justifying all his misfortunes. The old man snorted, "What're you doing here? You should be in bed. Only old men sleep behind rocks with staves."

"I am driven I know not whither by Love's cruel darts," the young man muttered. "Harsh Eros has gripped and twisted, wrung and squashed my heart for its ultimate drop . . ."

"Can that crap!" said the old man. "If you want a girl I can tell you how to get her." The youth, subdued by his authority, could only ask, "How?"

"All you have to do is tell her a story, or rather, *the* story."

"What story?"

"This story." And the old man proceeded to tell, in blunt but good English, the story which if repeated, verbatim, would win him the enduring affections of any girl of normal constitution. He called it "The Dirtiest Story Ever Told." When he had heard it to the end, the young man, before given to circumlocutions in

speech, now bawled, "Haw! Haw! That's a good one!" The old man explained that this story was not coarse or crude, not refined, subtle or perverted, but merely superlatively and irresistibly *dirty*, and that its power was like an incantation, perfected from man to man through the ages. The Egyptian, Sumeric, and Mayan variations differed, no doubt, only in topical details, varying as to the time and customs of the people, but the story has always been the same, exercising its captivating power.

After he had heard it a couple times (it wasn't very long) to keep it in his memory and having repeated it to the great satisfaction of the fat old man, who now for the first time laughed with such hearty vigor that he was flushed and out of breath, the young man could hardly wait to tell it to the young lady of his desires.

They took leave of each other, finally, the young and the old, with more affection than had marked their first encounter, for the Story imparted to the youth had bound them in a sort of fraternity, and ever after, should their paths cross again, their meetings would be pleasant with its memory. The lover started back across the fields, turning once to make a kind of Masonic sign by hooking his thumbs in his armpits and out-spreading his palms (a sign which figures, of course, in the Story) to which the old man responded in kind, provoking a final round of gustatory laughter.

Dawn was breaking over the countryside as the young man, so excited he hardly noticed his lack of sleep, approached the house wherein slept his abiding vision. On the road he met a clean old man hurrying to the market place who, remarking the untoward appearance of the youth, asked him his business at that early hour.

"I am going to tell my girl The Dirtiest Story Ever Told," said the young man naively, for he had not yet learned to curb his tongue, and besides the story did not appear to him 'dirty' in the usual sense.

"Good heavens, my son, are you in your right senses?" asked the clean old man, greatly astounded, for he was aware, as indeed was everyone in the village, of the youth's highly idealistic passion for the girl.

Both men were in a hurry to reach their destinations, but the clean old man restrained the lover, feeling that the question of a young lady's honor was more important than punctuality. He made the youth repeat the story.

There was a long moment while the clean old man absorbed the awful and impeccable weight of The Dirtiest Story Ever Told.

His restlessness seemed suddenly calmed, as though he were witnessing a natural cataclysm before which his mundane powers were helpless, before which he strove only to accept for himself the immutable ways of God. Then he moved on down the road, his cloak stirring the dust as he increased his speed.

The young man reached the house of the girl, and a few light raps against the pane brought her to the window, evidently enraged and disgusted at such a base maneuver. For a minute the youth lost all courage and faith in the Story, but it was too late to retreat. He begged the girl with the most ludicrous signs imaginable to open her window, indicating that he had a matter of the greatest import to divulge, that he would kill himself if she refused to listen, that he would kill her, etc., etc. To be plain the girl had an overweening curiosity, and though she feigned great reluctance in opening the window a hair's breadth, she was really glad to be relieved of her boredom, even by such a bumptious clown as she believed the young man to be. And thus in a low but resolute voice, capable of bearing all the considerable demands of the telling, the young man told to the mesmerized girl The Dirtiest Story Ever Told.

The window was open all morning, until the chickens began flying in to escape the heat.

And that is how Don Quixote becomes Don Juan.

BONNIE HOVERMAN

LUNA

I tried to see the moon
uneclipsed by words, old poems, sweet songs
to see light and leaves and branches
not to think but see
but always words, old poems, sweet songs
and not enough that Luna
high and white and cold
easy to find in the sky
only the anger that Luna
not to be touched or eaten
or kicked through the sky
with clean blood strong muscle
and always white moonlight
and only the yellow streetlight
the light from the window
and always and only the poem
to be discussed
in dusty voices
beneath fluorescent light.

BALL IN GENEVA

Yes, I'll dance with you,
But don't forget,
If you should squash my toes
I'll break your head.
And if you hold me close I'll bear in mind,
That your pulsing throbs of love and hate
May crush my bones and make me suffocate;
Let us now join our gloved hands and dance
To the rock and rolling of our rage
Gay as two armadilloes in a cage.

WE TALK

We talk in cracked voices
Our words sputter in the dry air
We talk of when, smooth-skinned and straight,
We dived deep under the summer heat
Deep under the green water
To stay all day in the green river
Our words coming up in bubbles
Breaking the water in rings around ripples
And came home, water-logged, for supper
Fried fish and green nectar
And slept, water dribbling
From our ears on our pillows.
We talk on a broken bridge crossing
A long and winding desert.

NEWBORN

His scream burns up
The scrap-pile of her dreams.
She slides from warm bed wrappings
And tiptoes, following the cry
Through the dark house
Cold as a mausoleum in early spring.

She backs from the touch
Of hostile walls
That daylight moves apart
And reaches out to open
Doors that are not closed.

With the rocking and the wordless song
His writhing weight relaxes in her arms.
His breath and pulse and body warm
Her soft and empty abdomen.
No closer can she hold him, so
She wraps him in a woolen womb,

While bars of light
From passing traffic
March across the walls.

BLIND AND DEAF

When the last knob is turned
The quiet whispers by
And falls apart
Broken by music louder than
Their screaming hearts.

When the last switch is on
And every city light
Obliterates the night,
Their aching eyes
Cry molten fire.

Then blind and deaf they dance
Within the loud and hot
Waiting the trance to bring
Them to the cool hilltop
Where night is black and white
Larger than city lights
Where echoes of earth's song
Of green love for the sun
Ring low and high and clear
From star to star.

THOMAS BYERS

I UP RIVER

Nothing was real. Only the soft brushing of the dog's tail across the floor as I crept down the stairs gave me a sense of belonging. My mouth was dry and tasteless. My heart hammered beneath the clean, fresh clothes I wore and my stomach seemed uneasy as if it had just been butted by the bloody head of a lamb. The crisp, brown package lay on the table where it had been put the day before. I clutched its folded top and tiptoed to the back door. The wobbly screen door creaked and groaned its displeasure at my passing but shut again with a soft flutter of goodbye.

The sweet smell of the dark pinched my breast until I walked into the garage where the familiar oily scent relaxed my nostrils and once again I sensed my direction. The old cane pole with its line and rusted hook with bits of worms clinging to it, stood in the corner just where I had put it. The can with the bean smell and crusted bottom lay below the pole. I slowly found my way out of the shed into the open as the first fiery hands pawed at the veil in the east.

The path to the road was wet and sticky, smearing its dark mud on my shoes as I slipped in its ruts. I reached the highway and two gleaming eyes in the distance transfixed me for a moment. But soon the monster roared past and left its choking odor behind. I crossed the road as quickly as possible to escape the smell and reach the woods on the other side. It was like walking on a never ending desert but finally I found the sanctuary of the trees and bolted through the foliage, drenched by its dew until my clothes clung to my body and the clean smell of them was gone to be replaced by the living breath of the scented brush.

My cane pole kept catching on the limbs of trees while I walked and the jolt in my hands as it was trapped in a branch brought me back to thought, but my skin still crawled as though someone had grabbed the pole on purpose. I could hear the river now, swiftly stealing over and around the rocks in its bed and even the wet, strong stench of its mud banks came to me through the forest. Suddenly silver flashes appeared through the trees and

the roaring grew stronger. I was almost running now as I came out into the open and soon I stood on the bank of the river watching it come in a never ending flow. Then I shivered in my wet clothes as if some chill had stolen from the water below and shook me for discovering its mystery. But soon it ceased and I looked for the place where I did my fishing. I saw the spot down river and then walked along the sloping bank to the sandy bar where blackened spots on the golden sand told of its approval by others. The water here was slowed down to a barely perceptible flow and formed a backwash where the stream might rest for awhile before continuing its journey. Creamy, dirt-streaked foam covered nearly the entire surface of the small eddy and bits of beaver-chewed sticks and logs floated up against the pebbly beach.

The brown bag in my hand had become a soggy lump; only the part in my hand was dry. I set it on a flat rock, half buried in the sand, and began to fix my pole. The line unrolled freely from around the butt and finally the hook hung free. As I held it up in the air, the gentle morning breeze whispered it here and there.

The worms in the bean can had settled to the bottom, and I pulled at the mass until one came free. It struggled as I strung it on the hook, but finally it covered the entire barb with its body. I snapped the red and white bobber on the line and swung it out into the foam and dark water beneath. The pole sank easily into the sand, and I sat down beside it to wait, nervously at first, but feeling drowsy as the sun brought warmth to the morning air. Soon my eyes were heavy and powerful strings seemed to be pulling my body down to the warm sand where I laid and enjoyed a restful peace.

The sun was almost straight up when I saw the boat come around the bend from upriver. The man in it had his back to me but I could tell he was old from the hunch in his back and the slow, easy way he worked the oars. The boat was headed right for my beach and soon grated up on the sand. The old man gently let the oars down and turned around. Although he had never looked around as he rowed, he showed no surprise at my presence. He motioned me to come nearer. As I moved closer I could see the deep, haggard lines in his face. It was a tired, sad face as if he had been battling the river for many hours. His eyes were sunk back into his head and stared at me, seeming almost to see right through my body and focus on something behind me. He pointed to the other seat in the boat asking me if I would like to go with him. I hesitated a moment but stepped into the craft and he shoved off from the sand, heading back upriver from where he had just come.

The current become slower as we went further and further upstream. The mud banks disappeared and the towering trees

reached almost to the water's edge. I became uneasy as the time passed but the old man showed no signs of turning back. I asked him if we were going much farther, but he only looked at me and smiled. We passed a small cove where the water was almost blood red and again I tried to talk to the old man and ask him why but he just kept rowing without turning back.

It was darker now on the river but not the dark of dusk. It was more like the quiet shadows of early morning. The old man steered the boat toward a narrow creek which ran back into the woods. We passed through the brief waterway quickly and suddenly emerged on a small, quiet lake. Birds and animals lined its shores but were not bothered by our presence. The old man looked at me and said that this was the beginning of the river.

It was a beautiful place, almost like a well-cared-for garden. I asked him why we had seen neither houses nor people close by. Surely there must be someone living in this wonderful country. Before he could answer, a tall young man stepped out of the bushes near the shore carrying a gun and leading a huge black dog. He waved to the old man and asked why he had brought a strange person to the lake. The old man answered that it was okay. He only wanted to show me the secret lake for a moment. The young man nodded and returned to the bushes with the dog at his heels. We stayed only a short time and as we turned to go, dark, threatening clouds appeared and the wind grew stronger. The old man rowed furiously out into the river again where the weather seemed to be calmer, and he moved the boat again at a leisurely pace.

The return trip was much shorter than I expected and soon I had been placed on my sandy beach again where the voyage had begun. I was calling my thanks to the old man as he moved away, but he didn't turn back. He was trying to row back upstream again, but the current seemed too strong for him. Finally he laid the oars down and let the swift water take him.

I lay in the sand then thinking of the hidden lake when something sharp jabbed me in the side and I jumped up to see an old man standing in the bright sunlight of late morning. Perhaps it was already noon.

"You've got a bite there, sonny. You better pull him in or he'll get away."

As I reached for my pole I could hear the cars roaring down the highway and out of the corner of my eye I could see the old man standing there smiling at me. As I began to pull in my line he turned and slowly walked away.

THE TREE

The naked boy is carving
his name upon the tree.
And eats the gentle fruit
for all the world to see.

The shallow roots and withered trunk
bear the marks of all the years.
And the sighing of the leaves
bathes the ground in tears.

The bowing limbs are kneeling
upon the barren plain.
And their shaggy, rustling heads
are tortured by the pain.

And on the highest mountain
the purest blossom weeps,
As beneath the ugly branches
a tiny child creeps.

THAT TIME OF YEAR

The burly beasts hunched around the tree
and the one sat higher.
On the throne he belched and laughed
and licked the hearts.
"What for you my lad?" he asked.
"Nothing but the blood of a virgin's son."

WHITE WATER

Dark and deep in silent veins,
creeping slow in vain the race.
Through the mist the blood red rains
bathe the pain upon its face.

Though it reach the journey's end
in a roar of thrashing white,
It must run through grooved earth once
from dusk to light.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD

I found the tiny fellow
  laughing in the light;
I stayed to watch his gaming,
  a happy, playful sight.

He never saw me watching
  nor gave a sign of care
but leapt among the flowers
  and chased the summer air.

I longed to stay forever
  and maybe join his play
but the knelling of the church bells
  tolled me away.

One night I chanced to happen
  by this same secluded spot,
but the child had disappeared . . .
  I left the barren plot.

Farther down the roadway
  beside a lonely park
I found a bent old man
  crying in the dark.

THE FOUR HUNCHBACKS

With drooling lips, skin pinched tight,
  he slowly stalks the fatted calf.
Climbs its back, sucks its blood and laughs.

With fevered brow and trembling hands
  he kissed the leper's breast.
Turns and kisses more and laughs.

With shield and sword, trumpets blow
  he juggles men upon his chest.
Rattles armor, reds the sword and laughs.

With nothing but a vacant stare
  he sits in darkened room and counts.
Points his finger, claps his hands and laughs.

A ROAD IN THE WOODS

Along that rutted pathway
  with noisy pagan cries,
the plodding, dung-licked monster
  and all beneath him dies.

Beside his muddy trail
  the red-hued petal dips,
and the bloated, red-eyed creature
  hangs a curse upon his lips.

Then the forest opens
  to let the traveller pass,
yet his stumbling, filthy footprints
  remain upon the grass.

Now the road is quiet
  and in time is borne away,
but the whisper of the birches
  will last another day.

MARILYN THOMPSON

THE HAND

The hand
That plucked the leaves
That grew on the trees
That sprang from the ground
They walked upon
Now carries the rose
In deep repose
For her who lies
Beneath grey skies.

GORDON MAXWELL

Gordon Maxwell, I know you not
Nor why your name should mean to me
More than any other, but I
Cannot rest until I find
The meaning for which you stand or why
I should think upon you so.
Is it mere fancy that you come to me
In my quiet hours and haunt me
With a seeming significance
Of what will come to be?
Or perhaps you are a reflection dim
Of a past life, too remote
For my limited perceptions
To see and understand.
Whoever you are or were or will be,
I wait with senses keen to learn
The meaning of your existence.

FALTERING LOVE

In quiet contemplation I reflect
On faltering love, defeated by neglect,
Accepted as expected salary
For time put in or thankless charity.
With us it was too much a trifling thing
On which to spend our labors. Did it bring
A just reward for petty efforts spent?
Too much it did to wonder where it went.
For as an empty jar placed on a shelf,
Our love lacked filling to increase itself.
We did not stop to see what it contained,
And so forever barren it remained.
If love is measured by what we put in
We've plenty left to more than love again.

VERNON T. HARRISON

A PARTING THOUGHT

The funeral procession moved slowly along the country road leading to the church and cemetery. Little clouds of brown dust, stirred up by the parade of wheels, settled on the passing cars. I thought how nice it would be to draw pictures in the dust, if I were young again. One grows away; learns to forget the pleasure of these things. Only the very young can be impulsive and unconcerned with death.

The ride seemed endless. The slow purr of the motor, emphasized by the silence of the passengers, drowned the firing in the distance, but I could still see them running and falling, throwing themselves down, rolling, jumping up again and zigzagging forward, firing as they went. They were still a long way ahead, but we gained on them as we bounced over the rough terrain.

I wondered where Al found the jeep. I was in no hurry to join them again—they could have waited while I walked up. Who knows? Maybe I'd never have been able to walk that far without collapsing, but Al found a jeep. "God bless him," I thought. "Maybe this time I'll get it in the head instead of the foot."

The hum of the motor stopped and someone had me by the shoulder. I looked up and saw that we had arrived at the church. The undertaker and his assistant were already opening the back of the hearse, and I could see the light blue of the casket through the doors. I stepped out, closed the car door, and followed the other five pallbearers to the hearse. The undertaker was pulling the casket out, and the six of us lined up on the two sides, picking up the hand-holds as they came through the door. The assistant had a portable carriage ready for us, and as we set the casket down, he opened a hinged section, uncovering Ed's face.

Ed was a cousin of mine, an old drinking buddy, a fellow bachelor . . . I looked at him closely, now, lying peacefully in the casket. He was saying as much in death as he had when he was alive . . . almost. Before our wars (I was one behind him) he would take me to dances, and we would sit drinking beer and watching the couples hugging each other around the dance floor. I can't remember ever dancing . . . but we watched, and afterwards we would stop in Freddy's Cafe for a bowl of hot chili.

I always slept on the way home . . . once I bled all over his car. Strange; I had cut off the end of my finger without knowing about it. The blood didn't seem to bother him though; he found a rag someplace and wrapped up my finger. Not long after that he was drafted and sent overseas. He came back four years later with a Purple Heart and a chest full of ribbons he never wore. I used to ask him about it. "It's a rotten world," he would tell me, "but we don't worry about Ed. Forget about it . . . it's over and done with."

When my war came I talked to him about it again. "Guess I was wrong," he said, "you're going to get your taste of hell too." And after a few hundred years of riding and waiting I got it. My foot felt stiff as I struggled with my pack, twisting my arms and shoulders to get the straps on and buckled. Al handed me a rifle, and I became conscious of the firing again. We reported to the Captain in the temporary headquarters tent, and began running toward the line.

We didn't make it. I saw Al fall and stopped to help him. I grabbed his arm and pulled. Nothing happened. I dropped my rifle and pulled with both hands, lifting him off the ground . . . it was no use. I turned him over. What was left of his face was covered with dust from the sun-baked slope.

I heard a bugle in the distance; then someone took me by the arm. I looked up and saw Ed's father; the wrinkled old man gave me a quiet greeting and then turned to his son.

I looked in the casket once more, and the powdery make-up on his face faintly reminded me of something. I tried to remember as I was ushered into the pew and sat down.

"Our Father who art in heaven . . ." echoed through the church. I could see the gentle flowers shudder with the quiet intensity of the words. "Why in Thy wisdom, of Father. . .?" continued the prayer, and I wondered. ". . . the son is dead and the father weeps —what pain must be endured?"

"Jim, listen to me Jim." I looked up quickly to see who had been speaking. I saw no one. "Jim," I heard again . . . for one half-conscious moment I thought I had heard Ed, but nothing more than memories were speaking.

"What little Ed had to say has already been said," I thought. I followed the casket to the door and helped carry it to the grave.

TIME AND LONGER

From when I first remember there were
Full days in the field. All summer
Long we labored to increase a meager yield.
The rows of corn were full of weeds,
I cultivated corn, the hay began
To blossom, and I worked all day
From dawn to gather, bale, and load
The hay for cows the winter long.
I hoed the rows of garden trying
Hard to furnish feast of plenty
And to replenish meager stocks
Upon the musty cellar boards
That fed us in the winter
Months of callous wind and long
Nights of firelight. The years took
On a meaning—passing time is coming
Here and then is gone. "Where to?" I ask myself,
And hear nothing but a song of
Mingled sounds of birds, and trees, and people,
And things—a song of mellow
Memories calling me to join and sing.
"I've lost my voice," I cried in desperation, hoping
For the sharp, crisp voice I know
I own to halt the silent whispers of a
Rhyme that blast my thoughts and
Mind. I listen, but nothing gives
Me answer. *They continue with the song,*
But why can't I? My voice—
Where is it gone?

IF AND WHEN

Many days we spent together—
Though unknown, perhaps, to you:
Hand in hand, as lovers should,
We walked on sandy beaches,
Looking for the magic
Revelation of our future,
For some romantic star
To unite infinity,
And failing thus to give ourselves
A hopeful blessing,
Going on, despite the lonely sea,
To discover depths of feeling
Reaching toward an obscure ecstacy,
Making unheard promises of understanding
Foolishly called Love—
But that everlasting
Moment of reflection
Comes abruptly to an end;
Painfully I recognize
That you are If and When.

NANCY BERG

NO ONE THERE

After opening all the doors of the world,
  and finding no one there
He retreated to his craft,
  and shut all the portholes . . .
The deep sea sucked him down,
  the turbulent waters rolled over him,
  the tides forcefully pressed him under,
  burying his hope in the swirling mud.

CHILDREN'S DAY

All the green lights in the world
lit up the scene one hot day
and all the dirty-faced kids
ran faster than their mothers could catch.
  It was foggy and the air dripped off leaves,
while mangled babies
ate the dead fruit
which fell from their matted mother's hair.
  It was Children's Day in Washington Square,
but the old men fell drunk in the grass and died.
When one beautiful hag with blonded grey hair
read Cinderella over the ashes of a hot-lipped pop,
  and a moon rolled down the street
  glowing nowhere in particular.
Till this bully came along
eating licorice sticks
from the liquor store,
and bought all the kids from their parents
with a penny-for-two and a case of beer
  to sell them all down the river.

WE

in and out the bars we go
  tucking away our false I.D.'s
swimming in rivers of beer
  that sloppily have no meaning.

we think too much-we see too much
we have no answers
  except drinking:
It calms the nerves
and dulls the pain . . .
there is a Genie in the bottle.

at least we are open minded,
the new generation;
it is our common bond.

God is our father image
society our myth
there is really no class system.

we are not rebels
nor expatriates
neither are we beat;
life is an illusion
for which we wouldn't die . . .
  nor live.

Communism and Democracy
are nasty bedtime stories—
  we listen quietly
  with fear.

we are not conformists
to banality
nor a singular totality

we are not anything
but a composite of I's.

RESURRECTION

Stretching before me infinitely
the white snow lies pure and undefiled.
Black Bird beating its wings within my body,
  struggles for release
  to violate the snow.
Tearing free, the great black bird
wildly, horribly, flaps his wings
on the pure soft gentle snow.
Melting, swirling, snow turning to grey water,
drowning me, filling my soul, my heart, me . . .
Down, down I go struggling—
Until I am released and lie upon the shore,
Exhausted, unconscious in consciousness,
I lie palely,
Then gaining strength I never knew before
I rise and walk upon the soiled shore.

IMMORTALITY

I crawled to the edge of the flat earth
and leaped . . .
hurtling through the black sky,
I passed the burning stars and glowing moon;
Falling into the sun, melting to hot liquid,
I dripped dripped through the white space of heaven,
into the void, where there was no form.
The molten drops evaporated,
and became a type of dimension . . .
a cloud of soul;
which floated in the vacuum,
unshaped and unknown.

BARBARA SAPA

THE CHANT

Within the flaming orchard
A voided angel chants;
Every word that rudely cuts
The feathered curtain
Rings in pulsing triumph.

His tongue is frozen
In the steaming mire,
Half a syllable hangs
Below the slanderous jaw:
But the chorus
Lends the gripping air
A blood-burnt scent;

And through the wind
The green-leaf palms
Are strained in audience.

THE ICON-MAKER

With every grain of poet in his soul
He molds and scrapes and cuts the idol clear;
With all his mind, by instinct not for toll,
He plays at this creation; every tear
Of sweat settles at his feet, a Jerusalem palm;
He spends his breath in carving out the earth
And safe from stare enthrones her with a psalm;
His worried hands give witness to the birth.

In arrogance, with candle lit, he runs;
Look what is mine! he shouts as people pass;
But no one, neither playing boys nor nuns,
Will hear; they wither back into the mass;
The icon-maker kneels, a publican,
A slave in adoration, not a man.

THE MARTYR

The old priest let them cross his sullen hands
Denying himself a grumble at their touch;
The oil burned its blessing on his lips,
A candle limped its shadow toward the bed.

Sin by default; a great sincere omission
And no regret and knees too weak to kneel
And no desire to breathe the smoke, to taste
The sin.
It brought a passion to him, pride;
A will to cheer the canting feathered god:
I know you well, you walked in Salem then.

Two incensed fingers closed and blessed his soul
As intonation damned him to retreat;
In bitterness he felt the vesture break
And gathered ashes scattered in the light.

RICHARD LEPPERT

THE FARM

They had always lived there. At least as far as he could remember. Someone once told him that this had not always been so: that once long before in a very forgetable past, they had all moved there. But he could not remember. He really was not sure whether they had moved there while he was a child, or if they and their forefathers had been there generations. When he was young, it did matter. But childhood was past.

Land mattered. The land had always been theirs by contract. His people had looked upon their lease as a deed. They had never been afraid of losing the farm. He knew that he feared what they had never feared. The land was precious to him. It was not land that produced much but stringy sturdy thistles on the highlands. Its flats were alkaline. Yet year by year he planted his crop, not learning from the results of his folly, but growing lazier without humility and in body, producing a distended belly of fat. He was not an admirable man, nor was he foreign to his surroundings.

He loved his farm because it was his. His was not a man's love of the toil-worn product. He had inherited the farm from one who had done all the work that was going to be done. It was really not love at all. (For the land is mine, because it is mine. Not because I work it, but because, by all hell, let anyone try to take it from me.)

And then it was very easy for whispers to find their way to his mind. Whispers of some grand plot to steal his farm. This man could no longer reason, nor talk. He could trust neither. He must protect, preserve, and defend himself: against the rest.

So he patrolled his land, at first only on Sunday. That no one should have his land, he set out protecting on Wednesday. Then Friday and Monday. His hay went to seed and turned brown while he guarded his land. He was alone. He must sacrifice his hay. The rest of the week was added for defense. Then the nights. He had no sleep. He desired rest; he longed for rest. He tried to think of anything, but he could no longer think.

He stood there looking into the dark night, mentally dismembered from the pain which the large gun emburdened on his

sleepless-stiff body. He had to protect his land. Except for five acres of corn, his crop was not planted that year. He had been protecting his land, and the corn was out of sight. The corn had come up. It was not cultivated. Weeds grew in the pretty green rows, and spread, taking moisture and choking the corn into quiet submission.

He knew that once this challenge was over, there would be years to make up for a year's loss. He would remember this. He kept his sense of values. He stood there in the night. He did not know if the Inspector would come that year. He did not know if his neighbors had tattled to the state about his poor farming. He was not aware that the Inspector might never come, nor that the farmers would not tattle.

He could not think of these things, sensing that some danger was near. He could only see that he must protect himself from them. He felt that he would win.

Late among those weeks of stupored sleeplessness, he had come to know that he should issue warning. (He must let the Inspector know that he must not venture near. The neighbor must know he dare not tattle.) He stumbled home in all his weaponed strength. Only then he realized that he had not been home for a long while. He had forgotten how to find the door to his house. He knew that it was warm inside, but he could no longer feel the cold of the night. He did not seek the door.

He went to the barn, old from years of service and inattention. Since he had grown to inheritance, the barn had not been cleaned. He had forgotten that it ever had been clean. The barn contained unbearable stench. Manure was piled to the window frames. He knew that manure was the only thing that kept the barn standing.

He tore a paintless shutter from its rusted hinges. From the small resulting hole came the smell of rotting dung. He only smelled it an instant: he could not recognize the odor.

He pushed his body through the small opening into the barn. He had to find where the swine were wallowing. He was senseless from exhaustion. The burning ammonia of manure angered him.

He found the pigs by their startled grunts. In the blackness he fell to his knees and pigs scattered groaning with fright. He spread his arms in an all-enclosing gesture and pulled those limbs together along the five feet deep floor. His cupped hands were heaped with fresh dung. Triumphantly he climbed through the window, holding his bountiful hands in front of him, treasuring the only harvest the farm had produced.

A dim moon shone on his paintless shutter. He dumped the manure in a little pile. He dipped his forefingers into the small

brown mound with a trembling but deliberate gesture. Frequently replenishing his fingers, he scrawled with the care of the angry

LEAVE ME ALONE
GOD DAMN YOU

He jerkily smeared out what he had written; "god" had become "gob". He was sure that was not right. He left the sign a moment, regarding it. Returning to his work, squatting he fitted in, in the margin left at the bottom: DIRTY BASTARD. But that was difficult to make out.

He staggered back to the field, the sign wobbling crazily over his head. He jammed the stinking wood into a narrow crack in the dry earth. He stood and waited. Wednesday night, Thursday night, Friday night. He could not remember if there had been a Thursday or Friday morning. He had gone sleepless for seven weeks. Nights of cold, with never any light to shine on his sign, save tonight, when the moon shone dimly. It was as though there had not been day. He was tired.

He raised his gun and deliberately fired into the night. His face shone brightly for an instant. The flash was not repeated. If he had had time to contemplate, he would have wondered why and how he could have been pointing the gun into his face. He was tired.

There was an instant between the light of the powder explosion and the coming of the pellets. For that instant the man's face portrayed the culmination of all his efforts in a climax that no one was there to watch.

His was a dark face, sullen with sleepless wrinkles. His eyes were all but closed, save for the red rim that circled the center. The mouth was draped with the mucus of a feverish man's dead-cold nose. A few jagged and stigmatic teeth reflected the shaming light of the moon. No one was there to see that instant. In the next moment the man was writhing in death on a ground no more covered with the green mat-weeds of fertile nature. Blood poured in streams which flowed in every direction from the geysering source. His dung-covered hands, rubbed the uncorked cavity in his head. Rubbed and rubbed and rubbed. The blood and the manure became indistinguishable, and turned to a dry dust and blew away to mingle with the alkali in the flats. The flesh dried immediately on the bones. It could not rot. Flies would not light and worms would not hatch. It lay there and sent up a stench of total death.

No one could bury it in the deepest pit, because all the farmers needed burying. It was all very small. At any rate, gone. The stench would have been amazing, had any been there to smell it.

WILLIAM D. CURTIS

REVERIE

I shall not die of this,
Few ever do.
Only the very young,
The very innocent
Believe it true
That grief and death are one.
No, I shall not melt
Into my tears,
My last song sung
A funeral dirge.
I shall feed on pain,
Grow heartily
Like a weed springs,
With some quality of wonder
And beauty missing.

INVALID'S SONG

Flee to the ends of the earth, soar
To shining regions of space, and play
With wanton winds; open each door
With out-stretched arms. Oh, and stay
Not long in any kingdom of the sun,
Flaming clouds or nebulous moon.
Seek mirth and song, be never done
With these desires, lover, too soon.
But, when you have wearied beyond
All weariness, when laughter has dried
In its spring, and the trembling bond
Of music is broke, and Dream has died;—
Then only, when of longing ever free,
Come back, Winged One, to fettered me.

REFLECTIONS

Here am I,
A solitary thing.
Of all earth's creatures
I am the loneliest,
I know no resting place.

My laughter burns my lips
And turns inside
To scorch with mockery
The spirit crying.

I am raw,
An open wound
Confronting life's rapier
With a shell of hollow bravery.

Here am I,
Searching strange heights
And depths,
Knowing no peace.

You judge me
Because I revolve about a dream
You cannot see
And I have no defense
Save existence.

TO SUSAN

A sun-shaft caught in a glass,
Spraying a rainbow over your face,
Reflecting in your eyes,
Transforming you to a shimmering flame;
Music muted from another room,
And the turn of a motor somewhere,
A dog yipping idiotically;
And coffee shadowing the cup;
A phantom cigarette wistful in its ash-bed.
To this moment there seems no more.
Yet I know better.
I know that should you glance
Up too quickly and surprise my gaze
Fixed upon your beauty,
Time would shatter irreplacably,
And you, stunned and afraid, would turn away.

TO LINDA

Tomorrow I shall be gone
And what will you do
When I am gone?
Stand perhaps in a doorway,
Light at your back,
Your eyes expectant . . .
Until coiled emptiness
Raises its head, hisses, strikes,
And stuns you with its venomed tongue
Until you know I am not there.

If not tomorrow,
Then the next day, could be
You will pass a place
Where love leaped stark and white
Between our quivering forms,
Love that spurted from our eyes . . .
And you will shiver with sudden cold,
Only ashes in the wind.

Tomorrow you will be alone
And what will I do
When you are alone?
Lie beneath my smooth hard sheets
Wanting what myself have slain,
Wanting long after your need has died.

JOHN E. FUHRKEN

VALUES

I had a friend, a young man from an excellent family, who, after attending one of the better schools, accepted an executive position with his father's firm. It was shortly after this that he fell in love with a sweet thing who waited table in a coffee shop where he was in the habit of taking lunch.

The love affair progressed until the day he accused her of seeing another man.

"Yes, I was with a man last night, an old friend I've known all my life."

"I suppose he tried to make love to you?"

"Yes."

"You let him?"

"Of course."

"How could you! Don't you love me?"

"I love you very much. He was just a friend."

"You say you love me and yet you let him . . . . . ."

"I just told you, Silly. He was an old friend, that's all. Now eat your lunch before it gets cold."

That night my friend blew his brains out.

EDUCATION, A PARADOX

I once knew a young American seaman who, upon falling in love with a war orphan in Naples, wanted to marry her and take her away from the life she was living.

When we left Naples for other Mediterranean ports, he began corresponding with her and often confided in me concerning the progress of his love affair. He received a letter in which the girl expressed a desire to meet him in Cannes but lacked the train fare which he promptly sent to her. In the next letter, the girl told him she had been ill and had used the train fare for living expenses. My young friend again sent her the fare and soon received yet another letter in which the girl again informed him of an illness. So once more he sent off the price of a ticket from Naples to Cannes.

When the next letter arrived, my young friend read it, threw it into a trash can, and, as we were in port at the time, went over to the beach and got dead drunk.

He never mentioned the girl again, nor did he ever again fall in love with a foreigner.

SONG WITHOUT WORDS

There was once in our village a young man, an honest and bright-eyed lad of sixteen, who had little and was happy. One day he fell in love with a girl of about his own age, who was the daughter of the local merchant and had fair features.

The boy, Karl by name, did not dare approach the girl and then one day she smiled at him. His heart beat a little faster and two days later when she spoke to him as they came from church he felt he had sinned, his joy was that great.

For the next week each day was filled with sunshine; never had the birds sung so sweetly, nor the leaves seemed so green, nor the air so fragrant, and Karl's happiness increased as the object of his love acknowledged in many ways that she cared for him, so much so that she at last invited him to visit her at her father's house.

The day for the visit came and Karl dressed himself carefully, putting on a clean shirt and walking stiff legged so as not to wrinkle his pants that he had carefully creased by placing them under his mattress the night before.

He arrived at the house at the appointed time and being told that Karen, for so she was called, awaited him in the garden behind the house, with his heart in his throat, found his way there. She smiled sweetly as he drew near and taking him by the hand led him along a little path to a secluded spot out of sight of the house. Once there she leaned against a tree and taking a deep breath, let escape a long sigh, saying, "Why do you stand so far away from me, Karl? Am I so displeasing that you cannot bear to come close?"

Karl could hardly believe his ears. Swallowing hard he took a few steps forward.

"Don't you want to kiss me, Karl?" she asked, moving to meet him and he was sure that he was dreaming. He raised his arms awkwardly to enfold her and then it happened. His hand, quite by accident, brushed against her hip. He was horrified by what he had done and immediately fell on his knees to beg forgiveness. Looking up at Karen, he saw her eyes, first questioning, turn angry. She said not a word but turning away, started for the house, leaving him there to wail and curse the fate that had made of him such a clumsy oaf.

There followed a week during which Karl, unable to sleep, thinking of what he had done, cared not whether he lived, and, indeed, prayed for death to come and end his misery. Death would not bless him however, and at last he resolved to return once again to Karen's house and once more beg her forgiveness. So he returned to the big house and, as before, was informed that Karen was in the garden.

Repeating to himself those words with which he hoped to appease his heart's love, he followed the little path, finally arriving at that secret spot where joy had turned to sorrow and shame that fateful day a week before. It was there that he found them, Karen and Max, the butcher's son, locked in close embrace. Ah, what words can describe the feelings that welled up in poor Karl? Or the anguish, the sorrow, the pain that filled his breast, nay, his very soul! What words of man can transmit the horror and disbelief that threatened to engulf him as Karen, looking at him, said, "Ah, the silly fool! Now you see what could have been yours," and went on kissing Max, the butcher's son.

So it was that Karl left them there and with a heavy heart, sought out his old friend, Fritz the Blacksmith, in whom he confided all his hopes and fears, for Fritz, although only a smith, was a good man and wise in the ways of the world. He listened patiently to Karl's tale of woe and then advised him gently, explaining that oft times a man must be more forward in his dealings with women, that they expected it, indeed, were often angry if such was not the case.

Karl left Fritz, his heavy burden eased somewhat, determined that he would put the advice of his good friend to the test.

He had not long to wait, for the following day, he, quite by chance, found himself talking to the tavern keeper's daughter, Emma, who was plump, plain and jolly. With the words of the smithy in mind, Karl asked Emma to accompany him on a walk. She, smiling broadly, accepted his invitation and taking her hand, Karl, suddenly at a loss for where to go, led her to the old stable behind the tavern. Once there he gulped twice and drew her close thinking that he would kiss her. To his surprise, Emma, resisting

his efforts, pulled away from him and struck him soundly across the cheek.

He stood with open mouth as she, with an indignant shake of her head, marched to the back door of the tavern, entered and slammed the door shut with a bang. Needless to say, poor Karl was at a loss as to what to do next. He stood rooted to the spot trying to decide what he had done wrong, turning over in his young mind every detail of what had occurred from the time Emma had accepted his invitation until she had quite unexpectedly struck him. This did not take him long and he could find no reason for the events to have taken the turn they had unless—unless, yes, that must be it; he must have misunderstood Fritz. He sighed. Ah, what a simple fool he was not to have paid closer attention to what Fritz had said. Well, there was only one thing to do—seek out Fritz once more, beg his forgiveness and ask him to repeat what he had instructed him to do.

So Karl again sought out his friend who was greatly surprised to see once more such a long face on his young friend. When Karl had explained to him what had occurred with Emma the smith looked at him sadly.

"Ah, my poor young friend," he said. "So much yet to learn. It makes me sad when I think about it. But come, I will try to explain to you how it is with women." He pulled a jug from a small cupboard and after offering Karl a drink, which he refused, took a long drink himself, smacking his lips loudly as he drove the cork home and placed the jug on the floor beside him.

"Karl," he began . . .

CATHERINE D. RAU

FREUD AND METAPHOR

The question: how do we make metaphors? is perhaps of the same sort as the question: how do we think? In the present state of psychology, neither is answered. Psychologists have not taken much interest in the first question; and, if they were to, they have not yet developed the conceptual apparatus to handle it. The purpose of the present essay is to look for whatever light might be cast on the subject of metaphor[1] by psychology, chiefly in pursuit of other aims. It is Freud's psychology which promises most enlightenment, for the processes which he finds operative in dreams appear to be, in part at least, metaphor-making ones; indeed, they appear to be the roots of much, if not of all, figurative expression. In *The Interpretation of Dreams* he distinguishes the manifest content of a dream, of which the dreamer is aware, from the latent thought-content, found by the analyst to lie behind the dream in the course of interpretation. In our psychic apparatus there are, according to Freud, two forces or systems: one forms wishes; the other censors them and controls their admission to consciousness. The dream has a secret meaning, which is found on analysis to be a wish-fulfilment. A dream is the disguised fulfilment of a repressed wish.

Freud finds the manifest content and the latent content of a dream to be related as two expressions of the same content in two different languages; or better, the manifest content is a translation of the latent content into another mode of expression. The translation is effected by the processes of dream-work. The first of these processes discussed by Freud is condensation with its resultant over-determination. He points out that a dream is meagre and short, while the dream-thoughts revealed by analysis are copious and far-ranging. It is not, however, simply the case that a single latent dream-thought or group of dream-thoughts supplies to the manifest dream-content an abbreviation of itself; and the next, another. But rather every element of the manifest content is over-determined; it refers to several of the dream-thoughts; it has multiple meanings. And each individual dream-thought is represented in the dream by several elements.

Freud turns next to the dream-work of displacement. Displacement is for him a loosely structured concept; more exactly,

he attaches the term to several concepts. I distinguish five senses of 'displacement' as he uses the term in *The Interpretation of Dreams* and *Wit and its Relation to the Unconscious*. First, it refers to a shift in emotional emphasis. The elements which appear as essential or as having the greatest interest in the manifest content are not often found to have the highest psychic value in the dream-thoughts. And the converse holds also; in fact, the most important of the dream-thoughts sometimes are not represented at all in the dream. The dream is often centered elsewhere; however, the emphasis may be the same in both contents; the relation is variable. Displacement and transference of psychic intensities are effected by the force of censorship, which strips elements in the latent content of their high value, or interest, and through overdetermination attributes new values to trivial elements; these new values appear in the manifest content. Thus the dream-wish slips by the censor in disguise.

Second, by 'displacement' Freud refers to the substitution of one idea for another related to it by a chain of associations. In the latent content, element A is important, while element B is unimportant; in the manifest content, the values are reversed. B becomes a substitute for A in order to slip by the censor. Third, Freud sometimes uses 'displacement' to refer to the exchange of a "colourless and abstract" verbal expression for one that is "pictorial and concrete." The dream-thought can thus be easily represented in the (chiefly visual) concrete medium of dreams. Ambiguity of words is often put to use. Here displacement overlaps another of Freud's main processes of dream-work, the translation of dream-thoughts into concrete imagery, to which I shall come presently. The fourth sense of 'displacement' is any deviation from rational thinking: breaking the rules of logic, sophistic argument, intended fallacy, absurdity, fantastic unreality. The fifth sense covers contradiction, antithesis and irony.

Freud finally distinguishes in *The Interpretation of Dreams* another sort of dream-work. He finds that any abstract thoughts discovered in the latent content have been represented in the manifest dream by concrete imagery, mostly visual; he holds that the only material available for representation of the dream-thoughts is visual and auditory traces from waking experience. Often a dream-thought is represented by a word, and in these cases, verbal ambiguity is exploited. In fact, the dream-work sometimes gives the impression of being witty. Translation of dream-thoughts into concrete imagery does more than make representation of abstract thoughts possible in the dream; this substitution also cooperates in the process of condensation, and it assists in serving censorship.

The limitation of the psychic material to concrete images makes it impossible for the dream-work to express accurately and fully

the logical relations which hold between the dream-thoughts. These relations must be extremely simplified or violated; often they are reversed, thoughts being frequently represented by their opposites. Indeed, contradiction and antithesis are found in all psychic activity. All this logical shake-up contributes to the absurdity of the manifest dream, but interpretation discovers meaning here as in other forms of distortion in dreams.

I have sorted out of Freud's discussion of dreams what I take to be fairly reliable conclusions from the (very considerable) data available to him, and I propose to use these conclusions as a working hypothesis. The usefulness of Freud's account of dream-work for clarifying the subject of metaphor can perhaps be given a not inappropriate test by applying its analysis to T. S. Eliot's "Ash Wednesday," for the poem is concerned with sin and salvation, a form of the Freudian theme of guilt and the need of ridding oneself of it. Let us take the first metaphor in "Ash Wednesday." It occurs in Part I and is the only metaphor in Part I.

> Because these wings are no longer wings to fly
> But merely vans to beat the air
> The air which is now thoroughly small and dry
> Smaller and dryer than the will
> Teach us to care and not to care
> Teach us to sit still. (I, 34-39)

More exactly, there are two metaphors combined in a simile in verses 36 and 37. Air is said to be dry in literal language, but here 'dry' becomes odd in following after 'small', which cannot significantly be taken literally; 'smaller' and 'dryer' as describing the will must both be understood figuratively.

The penitent, protagonist of the poem, is suffering spiritual isolation and a sense of loss of divine help, torments as keen as thirst in the desert. The "wings" are, of course, those of the "agèd eagle," now exhausted; but the eagle is a traditional symbol of spiritual renewal. In fact, the myth of the decrepitude and rejuvenation of the eagle operates tacitly in this poem as an allegory of the vicissitudes of the soul. By the smallness of the air we understand the penitent's sense of being caught in a hopeless predicament. The air is "dry" because it is the air of the desert referred to all through the poem except in Part III, in which we find the "fetid air" of the second stair of purgation. The desert is opposed to the garden of divine grace "where trees flower, and springs flow"; but in Part II, the sand of the desert confers a blessing, that is, penance atones for sin. The smallness, or weakness, of the will recalls the theological doctrine of original sin. But now the penitent has surrendered his will to the Divine Will and is passively suffering the purgation of his sins; he must learn "to sit still." The theme of the dryness of the will runs all through the writings

of the Christian mystics. The protagonist can "no longer strive to strive toward such things"; he must learn "to care and not to care."

Verses 36 and 37 are the key lines of the poem, and they are cast in the most striking of figures of speech, metaphor. Though the poem as a whole opposes man and nature, these two verses explicitly compare them; furthermore, the aspect of external nature referred to here functions as a symbol of man's nature, that is, the desert is a symbol of aridity of soul in both senses, the favorable and the unfavorable. The multiple meanings of the double metaphor operate by ambivalence; they present antithesis, as do many of the other figures of speech in the poem. For example, the 'white' of Part II has antithetical meanings: the white of the Lady's dress is the literary conventional symbol of religious faith; while the whiteness of the bones is the natural symbol for the ravages of sin. Antithesis, opposition, and contradiction run all through "Ash Wednesday" expressing the theme of the poem, the struggle of man's will against nature: "Teach us to care and not to care," the garden and the desert, the devil "of hope and of despair," the "gilded hearse," the "withered apple-seed," the "profit and the loss."

The over-determination of the terms of this first metaphor of the poem, the ambivalence of their multiple meanings generating antithesis and contradiction are all obvious enough without benefit of Freud; but he does more than provide us with new names for the familiar facts of poetic ambiguity and expressive tension. We may take his findings as a warning against the too easy assumption that figures of speech lie on the surface of language, and also as a reminder that poetry, however traditional its devices or however expert its craft, wells up from the deeper regions of the psyche.

The metaphor we are examining generates the power of its antithetical ambiguities under compression. As do all metaphors, it says *multum in parvo;* it is a condensed expression, brief in form yet rich in meaning. Presumably it is possible to paraphrase any metaphor. A literal sentence or several literal sentences can give at least a large part of the meaning of a given metaphorical sentence, but it is doubtful that the literal paraphrase could ever exhaust the meaning of the metaphor. Or, if so, then the metaphor always has the advantage of compression.

In regard to condensation, to return to Freud's term, it is instructive to note the difference between a simile[2] and a metaphor. Each makes a comparison which discloses similarities. The simile makes the comparison explicitly and is thereby circumscribed in meaning; the point or points of comparison are immediately grasped. It is pointless to paraphrase a simile. But no explicit limits are set to the meanings of a metaphor; it has far more scope for over-determination and can therefore carry richer and fuller conno-

tations than a simile. To restate the same point with different emphasis, the interpretation of metaphor makes demands not made by simile. In the case of metaphor, the interpreter must choose the appropriate connotations, whereas simile gives them to him.

The greater expressive power of metaphor as compared to simile is illustrated by the next metaphor in "Ash Wednesday;" it comes in Part III, and it is again a metaphor within a simile. But first a word about the progress of the action of the poem. In the allegory[3] of Part II, the protagonist has been devoured by the leopards of sin till only the white bones of repentance remained; whereupon, through the intercession of his lady, he turned from earthly love to divine love. "The single Rose/Is now the Garden." There is no metaphor in Part II. The allegory resumes in Part III: the penitent is climbing the stairs of purgation. It is here that the next metaphor marks another crisis in his struggle against despair.

> At the first turning of the third stair
> Was a slotted window bellied like the fig's fruit (III, 12-13)

We understand of the window that it bulges from the stair-well with a curve like that of a fig, and that the narrow aperture resembles a split in the fruit. We understand these points and nothing more by the simile, and we understand them at first glance. But to describe both the window and the fig as "bellied" is to express metaphorically that satisfaction of carnal appetite (the penitent is expiating sins of lust) is as sweet as the taste of ripe figs, that it is as urgent as hunger, that the fig is pregnant with seeds, and so forth indefinitely.

There is another metaphor in the same passage.

> Distraction, music of the flute, stops and
> steps of the mind over the third stair, (III, 19)

The faltering, struggling soul of the penitent is figured as a man hesitating on his climb up a long flight of stairs, distracted by music heard through a window. Strictly speaking, only 'steps' is metaphoric, for 'stops' could be taken literally of the mind; but 'stops', by coming right after 'flute', gains the double meaning of a pun. It suggests a gamut of tempting possibilities. The effect of the metaphor is intensified by the pun and by other tropes, especially the "antique flute," the orgiastic instrument in ancient Greece, which functions in the entire passage as a symbol for lust.

This specially odd metaphor reinforced by a pun brings me to consideration of Freud's process of displacement in regard to the metaphoric shift. I have distinguished five senses of 'displacement' as Freud applies the term. Since it is clearly not useful to spread the term so wide, I shall disregard the irrelevant or less important senses and come immediately to the ones which promise most clarification in the analysis of metaphor.

In one sense, Freud uses 'displacement' for any deviation from rational thinking; he includes logical fallacy, sophistic argument, fantastic unreality, absurdity, and nonsense. Faulty reasoning can be left aside as it has no particular bearing upon the process of metaphor. Fantastic unreality and absurdity are out of the question, too, but for a specifiable reason. A metaphor cannot be crazy or absurd, for it would fail as a metaphor; it could not be understood. There are only logically successful metaphors; unintelligible ones fail to operate as metaphors at all. A meaningless metaphoric sentence would be indistinguishable from other meaningless sentences.

But it is to be noted that in a metaphor the use of the metaphoric word is logically odd; this is in fact what makes the metaphor. It is a linguistic device which violates ordinary usage. If taken literally, a metaphor would be either false or nonsensical; it is either a factually incorrect sentence (the term is applied outside its truth-range) or a semantically incorrect sentence (the term is applied outside its range of significance). But if the metaphor is interpreted correctly (that is, metaphorically) it makes sense and it can be true. To return to Freud's point of view, two kinds of displacement which have some relation to metaphor are nonsense and empirical falsity.

Further light can be thrown on metaphor by Freud's investigation of wit, for the two are alike in several respects. They are linguistic devices. They both exhibit condensation; brevity is of their essence. And each includes displacement in its technique, but of different sorts. The differences are important. Wit generally makes sense in nonsense. One is struck first by the nonsense; then one grasps the sense beyond it. The process goes in two steps. On the other hand, if metaphor is correctly interpreted, there seems to be only one step. Perhaps two steps *are* taken, but if so, they are taken so rapidly that they appear to be one. Furthermore, metaphor gives a sudden revelation, not of sense in nonsense, but of similarity in dissimilarity; its logical deviation is less than that of wit.

To show how metaphor differs further from wit, another sense of Freud's 'displacement' can be invoked, namely, the shifting of emotional intensities so that elements which have the greatest interest in the latent thoughts are made to seem trivial in the manifest content and vice versa. This subterfuge is a means for eluding the censor. According to Freud's account, the tendencies of wit are obscene and hostile. A witticism requires three persons: the maker, who is the aggressor, the butt or victim, and the listener. It is the third who laughs. Wit, like dreams, gratifies repressed desires. But metaphor can be free from this sort of displacement, since it is not essentially a technique for evasion of censorship.

That one metaphor is chosen rather than another is, of course, the result of unconscious motives, as is everything that we do; but this does not determine the nature of metaphor itself. Attentive examination of the tropes in "Ash Wednesday" will make this clear. Most of them are figures of the mouth, for example, "like an old man's mouth drivelling, beyond repair", "spitting from the mouth the withered apple-seed". They might be symptoms of embarrassment and self-consciousness; it might be the case that the poet has a Prufrockian complex. But that is not how the tropes function in the poem; to take them as symptoms would be analyzing the poet, not the poem. I have said that Freud can teach us that poems — and all works of art — rise from the unconscious. But the Freudian "reduction" does not dispose of the work of art.

Let us move forward with the poem. The penitent, purged of lust in his progress up the stairs, is admitted to the garden of divine grace, where his lady walks; here he enjoys a respite from his struggle and affliction. Part IV opens with the allegory of the lady walking in the garden. A metaphor announces the admission of the penitent.

> Here are the years that walk between, bearing
> Away the fiddles and the flutes . . . (IV, 13-14)

It is repeated two verses further on.

> The new years walk, restoring
> Through a bright cloud of tears, the years . . . (IV, 16-17)

Then the allegory resumes as "jewelled unicorns draw by the gilded hearse." The metaphoric march of the penitential years barely emerges from the allegory. In the parts of the poem where the lady appears the tensions subside.

In Part V the poem rises to its climax when the penitent, after his brief period of serenity in the garden, finds his suffering intensified to the agony in "the last desert between the last blue rocks." The multiplied figures of speech express the intensity and bitterness of his struggle. In the ultimate effort to stiffen his failing courage he considers the danger of turning away from divine love. His dispute with himself is conveyed by word-play of many sorts: alliteration, assonance, internal rhymes, oblique rhymes, puns; the conflict of his motives is suggested by antithesis, paradox, chiasmus, reiteration. Two metaphors mark the crisis of his struggle.

> For those who walk in darkness
> Both in the day time and in the night time
> The right time and the right place are not here
> No place of grace for those who avoid the face
> No time to rejoice for those who walk among noise
> and deny the voice (V, 15-19)

The phrase 'walk in darkness' could be used literally; it becomes metaphoric here by the contradiction of 'darkness . . . in the day time' and by the antithesis of 'day time' and 'night time'. The paradox makes the metaphor. Then 'walk in darkness' is repeated in verse 21, and 'darkness' is repeated in verse 24.

> Will the veiled sister pray for
> Those who walk in darkness, who chose thee and
> oppose thee,
> Those who are torn on the horn between season and
> season, time and time, between
> Hour and hour, word and word, power and power,
> those who wait
> In darkness? Will the veiled sister pray
> For children at the gate
> Who will not go away and cannot pray:
> Pray for those who chose and oppose (V, 20-27)

Also, 'torn on the horn' has literal sense but is made metaphoric by 'season and season, time and time, between / Hour and hour, word and word, power and power'. The metaphor is underscored by an internal rhyme and five repetitions. 'Those . . . who chose thee and oppose thee' of verse 21 gives the point of the metaphor, and verse 27 repeats the point.

These are both noun metaphors, and it is in noun metaphors that the crux of the metaphoric process can be most clearly discerned. In this connection, still another sense of Freud's 'displacement' is enlightening, namely, substitution of one idea for another related to it by a chain of associations. I have said that a metaphor makes a comparison which discloses similarities; the similarities provide the chain of associations. But a metaphor does more than show similarities, it goes beyond a comparison of A with B; it takes an as-if attitude, it invites us to consider A as though it were B. In the two metaphors we have just looked at, the protagonist's state of mind is represented as if it were darkness in which he is wandering lost and confused, and his conflict is represented as if it were a horn which tears him apart.

Freud finds so frequently in dreams the merging or unification of two or more persons into one figure on the basis of a common trait or several common traits that he has a special term for it, 'screening'. This term was obviously prompted by Freud's recognition that the dream-work is motivated by evasion of the censor. But in metaphor the motive for the quasi-substitution is quite different. Connotations of the metaphoric term, both cognitive and emotive, are transferred to the subject in order to intensify its expressive value.

In Part VI of "Ash Wednesday" the penitent, though still in keen distress, is at last beginning to find the strength of resignation. "Our peace in His will." His change of state is expressed in a double metaphor.

> Wavering between the profit and the loss
> In this brief transit where the dreams cross
> The dreamcrossed twilight between birth and dying (VI, 4-6)

The 'twilight between birth and dying' describes life as a time of dim and uncertain perceptions, when we mistake semblance for reality. The phrase also expresses the fatigue which comes at the day's end, and the need to return home, and many other feelings, too. The "dreams" which "cross" life become in verse 21 "three dreams;" they are the past, present, and future of time, contrasted implicitly with the oneness of eternity.

The question of concreteness in metaphors remains to be considered. Freud may, or may not, be correct in concluding that abstract thoughts can appear in dreams only or mainly as translated into, or represented by, concrete images. But that is of no concern here; what *is* important is that sense-imagery makes dreams vivid, and also our waking thoughts. This obvious fact has suggested the conclusion, which does not square with the evidence, however, that figurative language is by nature concrete. It is often taken for granted that the metaphoric shift is from concrete to abstract, that a metaphor expresses its point by using a term with sensory or material reference to describe an immaterial or intangible subject. Indeed some literary critics have fallen into the careless habit of calling metaphors 'images', a term which vaguely carries the notion of mental pictures. But careful study of the actual practice of poets, especially of the Elizabethans and the generation after them and again of our own contemporaries, for with them metaphor has flourished, will show that all mathematical possibilities are realized: from concrete to abstract, from concrete to concrete, from abstract to concrete and from abstract to abstract.

In "Ash Wednesday" the major theme is man's will, while nature is the minor theme. The struggle against despair is expressed in very abstract passages, where language is used allusively (that is, fragments call up a whole) and where the figures of speech are mainly allegories. On the other hand, nature is represented in passages rich with sense-imagery; whenever the imagery seems about to become dominant, it is partly destroyed by an abruptly emerging metaphor, a metaphor combining abstract and concrete reference, in which man and nature are brought together. Thus the metaphors of the poem act as an intellectualizing element in that they are a check on the imagery.

This controlling function is particularly clear in the last two metaphors of the poem.

> From the wide window towards the granite shore
> The white sails still fly seaward, seaward flying
> Unbroken wings (VI, 8-10)

The seascape is interrupted after three verses by a metaphor.

> And the lost heart stiffens and rejoices
> In the lost lilac and the lost sea voices
> And the weak spirit quickens to rebel
> For the bent golden-rod and the lost sea smell
> Quickens to recover
> The cry of quail and the whirling plover
> And the blind eye creates
> The empty forms between the ivory gates
> And smell renews the salt savour of the sandy earth
> (VI, 11-19)

In the stiffening of the "lost heart", the penitent has at last found the "strength beyond hope and despair." As his heart is "lost" to the pleasures of nature by renunciation, so the sights and sounds and smells of nature, remembered in the next eight verses, are "lost" to him. From the spiritual point of view, it is "the blind eye" which is turned to the pleasures of the senses, and physical beauty is the "falsehood" with which we "mock ourselves." The descriptive passage breaks off.

> This is the time of tension between dying and birth
> The place of solitude where three dreams cross
> Between blue rocks (VI, 20-22)

Verses 20 and 21 repeat and make more precise the metaphor of verses 5 and 6.

I have, I fear, left the dissecting table strewn with cadavers. Yet I hope that I have shown in some detail that metaphor can be the life-blood of poetry, especially of twentieth century poetry. A summary of the points I have tried to make will suggest the sources of the vitalizing power of metaphor. The processes which Freud finds at work in dreams contribute to the making of metaphors; the primary sources of both lie in the fertile depths of the psyche. But there are significant differences between dreams and metaphors; as Freud says repeatedly, dream-work is qualitatively different from waking thought. The making of metaphors, like all creative thinking, is under rational control. Dream-work, in its efforts to gratify our repressed cravings, distorts reality, whereas metaphor is not essentially a technique for outwitting the censor.

Dreams are asocial and incomprehensible, but metaphors are made for the purposes of communication, and their tendency is toward clarification of our thoughts and feelings.

[1]I offer no definition of 'metaphor.' I assume that we know how to apply the term, and that we recognize a metaphor when we encounter one.

[2]A closed simile, of course, which takes the form: A is like B in having properties x, y, z . . ., as distinguished from an open simile, which has the form: A is like B.

[3]An allegory recounts a series of events which "stands for" another, more important, series of events. The narrative gives only a-b-c-d; we are led to understand A-B-C-D.

FRANK NOICE

BIOLOGICAL HIROSHIMAS

During the past half dozen centuries science has switched man's image of the world around him so sharply and so often that the humanities — which attempt to analyze his condition — now lag alarmingly behind. From the Renaissance to modern times man's world has changed shape, substance, and dimensions not once but several times. The universe has "changed" from finite to infinite and back to finite again, though this time around we see it as expanding with bullet speed. Matter, in the Renaissance a single plastic material congenial to every animating form, became in time a variety of inert and passive substances and in still more time (today) combinations of wide-gapped electrical charges, leaving modern man with the discomforting knowledge that most of what he views is empty space. Time, once a reminder of the brevity of life — for Shakespeare Time collected alms for oblivion; for Bishop Ussher the earth would last 6,000 years and no longer — became, with space, the only sensory constant we could know, only to lose its identity in the modern world and become as pliant as the Renaissance idea of matter, slowing down with motion and blurring to absolute zero at the the speed of light.

Those changes, however drastic, were nonetheless able to rest conscience-free on a pillow of moral, humanistic, and philosophical support. The infinite universe was heralded by the vast and lyric speculations of Giordano Bruno; the passivity of matter was reinforced by Descartes's image of the universe as a giant watch set in motion by an outside force; time-as-constant forms a basis of Kant's pervasively influential *Critique of Pure Reason.* And subsequent shifting views of universe, matter, and time, found comfort if not explanation in existentialism, by now a household word.

In the immediate present, however, the direction of science is again changing, this time on so grand a scale, *and in so different a way,* that the moral codes and the philosophies of man are threatened as never before. The hurrying giant of science now pushes beyond vitalism. Always before its changes had left room for moral justification, for metaphysics — even Descartes with his universe as a giant machine used geometrical propositions as stepping stones to prove the existence of God and the soul. But today's science

appears to have left vitalism behind. Like modern business it appears to have gone the way of automation, and, rejecting vitalism, has given rein to mechanism — or rather to *neo-mechanism,* for even the mechanical rules for the latest in science are yet to be devised. As evidence of their own awareness of, and uneasiness over, what has come about, witness the efforts of twentieth century scientists to explain their findings in philosophical terms. Such efforts have been made by Julian Huxley, Ernst Haeckel, Sir Arthur Eddington, J. B. S. Haldane, Sir Charles Sherrington, and C. P. Snow, to mention but a few. And those men have for the most part failed. Huxley, for example, is viewed with mistrust by most of the forces of orthodoxy, and the academic furore over Snow's *Two Cultures* speaks for itself.

Where then will neo-mechanism lead us, and what is its menace — is there a better word? At this point I should like to offer four examples of recent scientific developments, all of them at the present moment in the probability stage. You might wish to ask yourselves, in connection with each, what moral, philosophical, and social safety valves we can hope to have for any of them.

1. *The DNA molecule*: I refer first to such Nobel winning work of Watson and Crick[1] as was published some ten years ago which defines the theoretical molecular configuration of the deoxyribose nucleic acid (DNA) molecule. Locked in this huge, complex molecule is the basis of heredity and metabolic function of all life, from the most simple plant and animal forms to the most complex. With further knowledge of the precise molecular arrangement of the DNA molecule comes the speculation by scientists of deliberate alteration of its components (mutations) to effect a predetermined form or function of a living species. One can see shades of Orwell in such speculation, but that man might one day influence the DNA molecule of germ plasm to custom fashion subsequent generations of a species is very much a possibility. Even now scientists are attempting to determine the chemical arrangement of DNA to learn what specific regions of the molecule are responsible for what specific characteristics, physical and metabolic. Understanding such DNA codes, also called chromosome maps, has led to the successful experimental studies of Beadle[2], Kornberg[3] and Lederberg[4]. These Nobelists are but a few who have contributed to the knowledge of what specific DNA regions are responsible for certain specific chemical reactions in the living cell. It is just a matter of time and painstaking experimentation to resolve the questions we ask about the molecular control of life as represented in DNA.

2. *Transplantation of tissue*: Up to now, with the exception of identical twins, we humans could each take pride in the fact that we were immunochemically entirely unique from everyone else,

that is, our bodies' tissues and organs will live only within our own body. We are each chemically different from all others and this difference, though ever so slight, would inhibit the existence of tissues from another person if transplanted to our bodies.

Medical science has learned how to overcome the transplantation barrier, with limitations, among all humans (including twins), in reference to blood transfusions and corneal eye tissue transplants. Consider the life and sight saved by such transplantations. And consider the waste of otherwise healthy body "parts" that are ritualistically buried each year from the tolls of auto accidents alone. To employ life extending practices by organ and tissue transplantation on a grand scale, man has still to solve at least two problems. The first problem is the scientific one of learning how to fully overcome the barrier of immunochemical specificity, regardless of the tissue and eventually whole organs, that are required to be transplanted. The Nobel winning work of Medawar[5] and Burnet[6] has demonstrated a way whereby this problem might be solved, making "body-wide" transplantations seem quite probable in the rather near future. One could predict that the time is not far away when man could have the capacity of interchangeable parts now reserved for the like of Ford automobiles and Singer sewing machines. The answer to the second problem lies in man's ability to develop a philosophical rationale that would overcome ethical squeamishness, that would doubtless appear, in light of the suggestion of life extention by near unlimited replacement of worn body components.

3. *Phoenixology*: We now know that each cell of the very early animal embryo (cleavage cells) has the genetic capacity to grow into a separate whole individual. This particular capacity is demonstrated in the formation of identical twins, triplets, quadruplets and quintuplets. Also, there are presently complex mechanical chambers perfected that can be employed to supply the essentials of life and growth to the late stages of the fetus fully as well as does the uterus. Let us extend these two facts to the efforts of a number of notable scientists who are attempting to perfect the relatively new and unpublicized science of "phoenixology". (The mythical Greek Phoenix, you will recall, was endowed with eternal life). The experimental studies of phoenixology are directed toward the same goal, not mythically this time but virtually to guarantee eternal life.

Each cell of our body, except the reproductive gametes-sperm or egg, contains a full double set of 46 chromosomes (chemically composed essentially of the DNA molecules referred to earlier). The same double set is formed by the union of the female egg and male sperm, each containing but one full set of 23. As this cell of conception (zygote) divided to form two cells, then four, eight, 16, 32, 64, 128, 256, on up to embryo, fetus, baby, child, adolescent, and

adult, the 46 chromosomes duplicated perfectly with each cell division resulting in each of our body cells having a full set of the original chromosomes. Therefore, each of the billions of body cells of which we are composed has the genetic potential of the whole organism.

The phoenixologist speculates that if he could learn the necessary catalysts to trigger the organized cell division, realized by the zygote, he could grow in elaborate culture chambers dozens of individuals from a single microscopic cluster of cells of a now living person. Each cell could be separated, each cell has the same double set of chromosomes of the whole organism, and each could be grown in its own "mechanical uterus". Through this means we could possibly have many Schweitzers — or Hitlers — simultaneously.

4. *Effects of Temperature*: Dr. Stanley W. Jacob of the University of Oregon Medical School has exposed human sperm cells to nearly -273.2 degrees C. (absolute zero), and after storage for a length of time, found upon thawing that they were fully viable. Such a technique would allow man to stockpile human gametes, sperm and egg, for the future use of earth repopulation in the event of wholesale death, or chromosome degeneration, due to thermonuclear testing and/or war. Such was suggested less than two years ago in an address by Nobelist Herman Mueller before the assembly of The American Association for the Advancement of Science. Another employment of cold was made in 1958 by Dr. A. V. Smith, a British biologist, in which he carefully reduced the body temperature of hamsters to point of freezing them solid. These animals were stored and eventually thawed-out none the worse for their experience. Perhaps this could lead to wild speculation that selected humans should be frozen and stockpiled for emergency Earth repopulation rather than merely their reproductive gametes, as Dr. Mueller suggests.

At the opposite end of the temperature scale, until recently the biochemist thought that no life could exist above 85 degrees C. because at this temperature DNA stops functioning. However, in Japan there are microscopic plants, algae, that thrive at temperatures above 90 degrees C., temperatures that would destroy the DNA responsible for the vast majority of life on Earth. Does it now seem so implausible that life might be found on planets whose conditions differ from those on earth? Or could it rather be that we are so biased as to what the requirements for life *must* be, according to Earth specifications, that we cannot accept the possibility that there may be forms of life that exist by quite different sets of rules?

Some of the foregoing examples are still highly speculative, but all of them are based on biologically sound ground. And examples of modern neo-mechanistic science could go on disturbingly longer.

The mind of modern man is going to be forced to cope with "biological Hiroshimas," and our greatest concern is that he will remain so engrossed in materialism and status-seeking, and in cold-war deliberations, that he will not come to grips with neo-mechanism until the biological "bomb is actually dropped." An urgent need exists to investigate the philosophical implications of scientific developments.

I would suggest that the academic philosopher, as was traditional in the past, become more involved in the questions and facts presented by the other academic disciplines. I would suggest that all of the humanities move out of their separate compartments and try to reflect prismatically all schools of thought instead of contenting themselves with debates over words or over aesthetic trivia. I would suggest that society finally grant to the humanities a position of prominence and authority. If the humanities could reach the entire populace with a fuller impact, that could be one of the greatest deterrents to hysteria over neo-mechanistic science. We cannot hope to restrict the headlong rush of science, nor should we, but, put in perspective with the humanities, science would gain enriching and tempering values now absent because of the gross disproportions of emphasis.

We cannot depend upon the scientists to supply adequate philosophical rationales. But we can be certain that science will continue its quest into the secrets of life to the point of synthesis of life itself. And we are left to wonder whether man will have the philosophical fiber to withstand such events.

[1]Watson, J. W., and Crick, F. H. C., 1953: Nature 171: 737-964.
[2]Beadle, G. W., 1959: Science 129: 1715-1719.
[3]Kornberg, A., 1959: Harvey Lec. 53: 83-112.
[4]Lederberg, J., 1957-58: Harvey Lect. 53: 69-82.
[5]Medawar, P. B., 1958: Proc. Roy. Soc. 149: 145-166.
[6]Burnet, M. F., 1962: The Integrity of the Body, Harvard University Press.

BYRON D. MURRAY

DILEMMAS OF THE TRANSLATOR: THE NEW BIBLES

In this era when men of letters write voluminously about the religious implications of novels, of plays and poetry, it is strange that they have paid so little attention to the chief ventures in religious literature of this century: the new English translations of the Bible, the American *Revised Standard Version,* published in 1952, and the British *New English Bible* of which only the *New Testament* has been thus far completed.

When the American translation came off the press, so eager were the publishers for financial success and so masterfully organized for every kind of promotion that they chased anything like real criticism away from the review sections of the better known publications and away from the syndicated columns of the Sunday press. Only a few agonized complaints from fundamentalist churchmen — chiefly in the South — were encouraged in newspaper stories of the time, perhaps in the belief that controversy of this kind would be a stimulus to sales. Almost the one who broke the barrier with something like thoughtful criticism of the translation was Dorothy Thompson, at that time conductor of a regular column in the *Ladies Home Journal.* Other than this, comment then and since has been largely confined to religious press publications, with their restricted circulations.

In 1961 the English Testament was greeted in America in a less commercially oriented manner, and those who adversely or favorably criticized its quality as a literary translation were given a better chance to be heard. One would like to think that this was owing to our having reached a little more maturity, but it may be only that the publishers produced this book chiefly for sales in England and were not much concerned about sales here.

Certainly in this day we should hope that our best minds in various areas will dig into these translations of a source book that carries within itself so much of the ethos and the mythos of our culture — a culture which is on trial throughout the world. Unless we are involved in a hopeless trichotomy of science, literature, and religion, we must see this Hebraic-Christian book with its Greek and Roman overtones not only as reflecting our major religious

inheritance but as influencing in some degree the political, social, and economic thought and even the everyday, unsystematized philosophy of the Western World in general and America in particular.

An immediate difficulty of the translator and of the person criticizing his work is the great variety of material involved. To deal competently with *Proverbs* requires a different kind of literary and theological scholarship from that required in the translation of *Psalms*. The synoptic gospels are perhaps one thing, and *John* another. To render anew such works as *Ecclesiastes* and *The Song of Solomon* and Paul's letters and the book of *Job* is about as diverse a task as to give us a new *Quixote,* a new Montaigne, another *Rubaiyat* and a fresh *Sorrows of Werther.*

Significant and interesting are the statements of purpose with which translation committees began their work. The American committee was charged with producing a version which would "embody the best results of modern scholarship as to the meaning of the Scriptures, and express this meaning in English diction which is designed for use in public and private worship and preserves those qualities which have given to the King James Version a supreme place in English literature." The committee cited as reasons for revision certain expressions which have become archaic, others which are obsolete, and still others which are in use today but now convey a different meaning from that which they conveyed in 1611. The revisers felt that the Bible should be in language that is direct and plain and meaningful to people today. Nevertheless, they insisted, in words that seem to contradict what they had said, "The Revised Standard Version is not a new translation in the language of today." It seeks, they repeat, to preserve all that is best in the English Bible as it has been known and used through the years, particularly in public and private worship.

While it is true that this version does preserve much of the dignity and beauty of the King James text, one cannot help feeling that the committee was least concerned with this objective when it dealt with the more familiar passages commonly used in worship — as for example "The Lord's Prayer" (*Matt.* 6:9-13) where the traditional version is given in approximately the same form except for the conclusion, "For Thine is the kingdom . . . ," which is relegated to a footnote. A survey indicates that those parts of John's gospel that are commonly used in worship do not suffer so much change in the revision as do such passages in *Matthew;* and that the most familiar passages of *Isaiah* do not suffer as do the most familiar psalms, *Ecclesiastes,* Paul's famous poem on love (*I Cor.* 13), and the Christmas story in *Luke.*

Since the *New English Bible* also drops out the familiar conclusion of "The Lord's Prayer" it is interesting to contemplate students of our literature who at some future time will read T. S.

Eliot's "The Hollow Men" and will be led to wonder from what source the poet drew the recurring phrase, "For Thine is the kingdom."

The American committee pointed out, and properly so, that they were in possession of a much larger number of manuscripts than were available to earlier translators. Nevertheless, they promised, they would hew as close as possible to the Tyndale-King James text. Such statements are interesting surely from a theological point of view, implying as they do that the committee regarded our religious thought as finished and finite in the minds of the many early recorders and interpreters. One may compare the statement by the King James translators, "that out of the Original Sacred Tongues, together with comparing of the labours, both in our own, and other foreign languages, of many worthy men who went before us, there should be one more exact Translation of the holy Scriptures into the English Tongue." It is this 'together with' spirit of the Elizabethan revisionists which would seem to stamp them as more theologically liberal than their Twentieth Century counterparts. Actually there are many evidences — without considering the moot point in *Isaiah* 7:14 about the young woman or virgin — to indicate that the American committee did not adhere to such a slavish notion of translation as they indicated in their statements.

They did not, because they could not. To anyone not familiar with the problems of translation it may not be clear that regardless of what the American committee has implied, there is no one precise equivalent in present-day English for a given sentence from any other language, and particularly not for a sentence from an ancient language. The English committee seemed to recognize this truth more clearly than the American committee, and wrote, "No one who has not tried it can know how impossible an art translation is." The root meanings are there — root meanings from which have sprung all the many words of the modern English language, with its great richness of synonyms and its varied possibilities of syntax. The translator can look at the Greek originals and translate Paul "I beseech you, therefore, brethren" or as the moderns have done, perhaps altering the speaker's intention somewhat, "I appeal to you therefore, brethren." He can be made to say "Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves" or more abruptly and bluntly, "Beloved, never avenge yourselves." Jesus can be made to say "Come to me, all ye who labor and are heavy-laden" or more impersonally, "Come to me, all who labor and are heavy-laden;" "Take no thought for your life" or less startlingly,"Do not be anxious about your life."

One cannot argue over which translation is the more precise in such examples as these. Which to adopt as correct is dependent

not upon the original script in front of one's nose, but upon the whole of what has gone before and what is to come: in brief, upon one's conception of the whole personality of the speaker. That style is the man is something to which this modern age is not sure it subscribes; neither is it convinced that thought and style are inextricably bound up together. Many of us, however, have conceived Jesus as one who alternately spoke out in crackling metaphors that shock us into thinking because their meaning is not perfectly precise, and then softened his message into a word which we are sure is directed to us personally. We cannot feel that the new revisers have captured this Jesus as well as did the Elizabethans. And we feel regretful over the decline in the popular conception of Paul which must come if either of the new versions is universally read and the old one is forgotten.

Most significant and curious in terms of doctrine in both of the new versions is the treatment of the key message in the Christmas story. In the King James version the coming of the Christ child meant "peace on earth, good will to men." This becomes in the *Revised Standard* "and on earth peace among men with whom he is pleased;" and in the *New English Bible,* "And on earth his peace for men on whom his favour rests." This is, quite plainly, to go back to the Calvinistic doctrine of the elect; and the message, instead of being something which the world of all religions could accept as the presumed Christian intention of universal good will, falls back into ethnocentricity and into a creedal belief which neither American Protestants, English Protestants, Anglicans, nor Catholics generally have been willing to accept from the time of King James down to the present.

If the modern statements of intention are interesting theologically they are also fascinating in the more strictly literary senses of linguistics and style. One sees almost immediately how torn the American committee was by the inevitable horns of the dilemma: whether to be historically accurate and write 'denarius' for penny in the parable of the vineyard laborers, or to be understandable in terms of "the precise equivalent in present-day English," in which case they should have said 'twenty cents.' One could suggest that still greater precision would call for translating this sum into its equivalent in modern buying power — assuming that precision is the prime objective. Strangely, however, the word penny is retained in other places in the *Revised Standard* version (and in the English version becomes merely 'wages'). Similarly, sandals is occasionally but not always substituted for the more modern shoes; raiment sometimes becomes clothing and clothing unaccountably becomes raiment. And in the familiar and loved Christmas story 'swaddling clothes' must become the logical and inexpressibly ugly 'swaddling cloths'— no gain surely in the way of fundamental accuracy, though one grant the technical point.

Of more significance is the type of inconsistency evidenced in *Matthew* 6:27: "And which of you by being anxious can add one cubit to his span of life?" Granted with the revisionists that the original meaning was that one could not by his own efforts add to his life (rather than add to his stature), why, if the intent was to render a modern translation, should they not have said, "And which of you by being anxious can add *a single day* to his span of life?" Cubit must still be defined by somebody as an ell or elbow-length or eighteen inches; and what has the unit of lineal measurement to do with a quantity of time? The English committee solved this dilemma by making it, "Is there a man of you who by anxious thought can add a foot to his height?"

"Under the tutelage of advertisers, government bureaucrats, and schools of education," says Henry Commager in *The American Mind,* "people learned to say simple things in complicated ways, and Latin words crowded out Anglo-Saxon." It is not true that in general the modern revisionists have made the Bible complex where it was simple; the reverse is surely true of the books of the Pentateuch in the Old Testament, for example, and of the book of *Acts* in the New. Nevertheless there is in many places an unnecessary and often unwanted trend toward the Latin and the learned, and away from the simple and the tangible: the substitution of fraternal for brotherly; of sustenance for food; of encumbrance for weight; of fragrance for smell; of assurance for substance, and conviction for evidence. Since the avowed purpose was to create a version which would be more easily read and understood, it is hard to defend some of these changes. Strangely too, considering the American revisers' obvious attempts to make the text less earthy and sensuous, they have brought about a more sensuous effect by their rewording in certain instances, as a reading of *The Song of Solomon* will show. And there are instances, as in Paul's letter on love, where *irritable* is a very inaccurate and a very bad substitution for *easily provoked*; and "love is not jealous" is a very poor substitution for "charity envieth not."

On the other hand there are instances where the sonorous and eloquent effect of the Latin word is needed for rhetorical strength, and where the new revisers inadvertently or otherwise shift to the simple word, with an effect that is truly astonishing. Consider, for example, what happens to that passage from Paul that has been called the most triumphant sentence in Western literature: "For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Jesus Christ our Lord." Substitute for the key word *persuaded* the simpler (and different) word *sure,* and what a falling off is there!

One could wish, in short, that there had been available to these committees at least one child, or better several hundred children, to indicate whether the proposed change would really clarify the text; and at least one competent poet, sensitive to the connotations as well as the denotations of words; sensitive also to the broader intent of metaphor and simile and parable in the mouth of a fiery Isaiah, a metaphysical Jesus, a persuasive Paul. It is the eloquent, the moving and poetic passages that suffer most drastically — and unnecessarily, since there need be little argument with the objectives of the revisers. Do we stand to gain or lose by trying to bring the reading of all people down to a level which is just a little more complex and subtle than Basic English? Are we to produce no more masters of their native tongue, no more Lincolns or Woodrow Wilsons or Winston Churchills?

BERKLEY PEABODY

AISCHYLOS AND THE EPOS

We know from Athenaios that Aischylos is supposed to have spoken of his tragedies as slices from the great banquet of Homer. Sometimes this has been interpreted as referring to the spirit or to the mood of his dramas; sometimes, as referring to the fact that much of his plot material was apparently derived from poems of the epic cycle. It is possible, however, that the fifth century Greek felt more specific correspondence between the Attic tragedy and the epos than we observe today, and it is with one possible aspect of such specific correspondence that I wish to deal here.

I have noted elsewhere[1] the apparent developmental tendency of the form of the epic line to contract from its most expanded pattern:

— ⏑⏑ — ⏑⏑ — ⏑⏑ — ⏑⏑ — ⏑⏑ — x^2

in such a fashion as to result hypothetically in an invariable twelve syllable line:

— — — — — — — — — — — x

Such contraction is a noticeable tendency not only in the functioning and history of this metrical form, it is in complete accord with the contraction that occurred historically in the Greek language itself between a stage represented by the archaic epic dialect and that seen in the highly contracted Attic dialect of the fifth century. The complete realization of such a contracted metrical form in the Attic dialect was impossible, however, because of the retention in that dialect of short syllables, albeit in reduced numbers.

The episodes or non-strophic passages of the Attic tragedy are composed principally in a line commonly called the iambic trimeter, but which might with less metrical prejudice be called the 'scenarius'. This line, in a characteristic variant, is very close in form to that of the hypothetically contracted epic line form as described above:

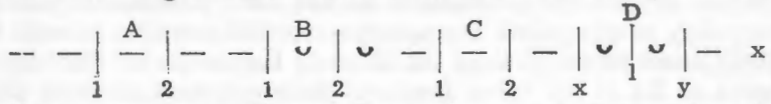
contracted epic line: — — — — — — — — — — — x
scenarius variant : — — ⏑ — — — ⏑ — — — ⏑ x

With the exception of the substitution of a short syllable for a long at three positions, the forms are identical. The scenarius, moreover,

represents a degree of realization of the hypothetically contracted epic form that may be reasonably predicated from a consideration of the metrical nature of the Attic dialect.

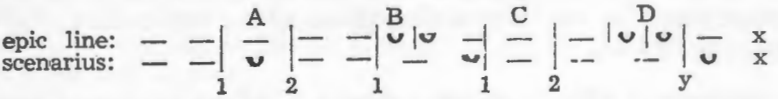
The correspondence between the contracted epic form and the scenarius, however, is not limited to the basic syllabic pattern alone. In addition to the twelve syllable measure and the undefined quantity of the final syllable, characteristics shared with Indo-European metrical tradition outside the Greek context, the caesural patterns within the two line forms — that is, the places in the lines where word units characteristically abut — correspond to a marked degree.

The following caesurae are characteristic of the epic line:



The three caesurae, A, B, and C, are the principal caesurae of the line. These are 'movable'— that is, in a given line the position of each of these caesurae may be either at A1 or A2, either at B1 or B2, and either at C1 or C2. The caesura, D, occurs characteristically only at D1. With considerable restriction, it also occurs at Dx and Dy in the epic line. This caesura, as I have indicated elsewhere, seems to be a secondary development that effected the division of the long final word unit of the epic line into two parts, thereby occasionally creating a five unit line structure out of what, formally and rhetorically, is characteristically a four unit line structure.

The correspondence of the caesurae of the epic line with those typical of the scenarius is striking:



It will be noted that the caesurae that in the epic line occur between uncontracted short syllables disappear in the scenarius, and that the B and D caesurae thereby become in the scenarius fixed or unmovable. The D caesura is in the scenarius a far more frequent and important phenomenon than in the epic line. This established regularity seems to be the result not only of the occasional use of the line as a five unit form, which occurs frequently enough in the epos as well, but seems more to be the result of a change of orientation that has taken place between the B and C caesurae.

In the scenarius the B caesura, which in terms of comparative form is no longer movable, moves nonetheless but to an alternate position at C1. The C1 caesura, accordingly, often functions in the scenarius as the B2 caesura in the epic line. This shift tends to make the C caesura in the scenarius unmovable, and the D caesura

in similar fashion is absorbed to a degree into C function and becomes correspondingly more important functionally and, therefore, appears as a more regular formal feature in the line.

While it may be logical to postulate such a pattern of caesural transfer on the basis of comparative form, this relationship or transfer cannot be accepted without further corroborating evidence.

In Indo-European verse the movable caesura is characteristically movable only to the extent of one syllable. In the scenarius the 'central' caesura not only moves to the extent of two syllables, between B1 and C1, but to the extent of two syllables that have some characteristics, as will be shortly seen, of a three syllable unit.

While in the epos, caesurae at the two possible B positions occur with nearly equal frequency — the B2 caesura is only very slightly more frequent than the B1 — in the scenarius, the 'central' caesura at B1 is far more frequent in occurrence than at C1. In Aischylos' *Agamemnon,* for example, only slightly over one quarter of the scenarii have the 'central' caesura at C1.

In the epic line, as I have shown elsewhere, the B caesura represents a vestigial joint between two primitive two word lines. The epic line, that is, is in origin a couplet.[3] It is a characteristic of the Indo-European line form that the beginning is less metrically regular than the close of the line. In the scenarius the B1 and C1 caesurae seem to have the functional qualities of this vestigial joint, although properly only the B1 caesura, the far more frequent, is this in formal fact.

It is significant that the introduction of 'tribrachs' (⏑⏑⏑), 'anapests' (⏑⏑ —), or dactyls (— ⏑⏑) into the tragic scenarius occurs regularly only at two points. One place where this occurs is at the beginning of the line:

Agamemnon 886: *toiade | mentoi | skEpsis | ou dolon | p'erei*

— ⏑⏑ | — — | — ⏑ | — ⏑ — | ⏑ x

A2 B1 C1 Dy

The other place where this occurs is immediately following the 'central' caesura, whether this occur, as more often, at B1, or, as less often by far, at C1:

Agamemnon 608: *est'lEn | ekeinOi || polemian | tois dusp'rosin*

— — | ⏑ — — || ⏑ ⏑ ⏑ — | — — ⏑ x

A1 B1 C2

Agamemnon 1265: *kai skEptra | kai manteia || peri derEi | step'E*

— — ⏑ | — — — ⏑ || ⏑ ⏑ ⏑ — | ⏑ x

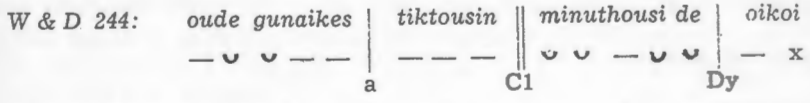
A2 C1 Dy

A comparison of these two lines also indicates clearly the implicit three syllable content of the form between the two positions of the 'central' caesura.

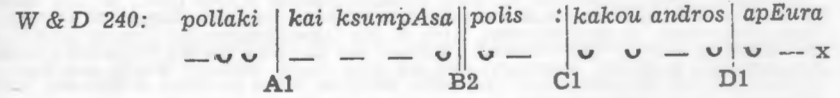
Such resolution of syllables as that of *'polemian'* and *'peri'* is characteristic of the beginning of an implicit line unit, but the position of such a unit's beginning in other Indo-European metric forms characteristically varies by no more than a single syllable. The only satisfactory explanation for these conflicting phenomena seems to be that the 'movable' 'central' caesura of the scenarius at B1 and C1 is a development from two originally separate and unrelated caesurae. This accounts also for the greater development of the D caesura in the scenarius than in the comparable epic line as a compensation for the partial absorption of the C1 caesura into a B function. The reason for this formal change is to be found in the contraction of formal patterns in accordance with contraction in the basic language pattern.

That the scenarius is a compound form in contraction is indicated not simply by the comparative correspondences that we have already noted. The potential resolution of the scenarius into a line, like the epic line, of seventeen syllables and the fact of its four unit structure involving caesurae of varying behavior within the single form indicate this as well. In the comic scenarius, the resolution of 'iambic feet' into 'anapestic feet' further confirms the significance of the comparative evidence between the scenarius and the epic line, for in 'anapestic' meters 'anapests' and 'dactyls' are in turn interchangeable.

A further indication of the relationship of the two forms is to be found in the epic line. A small percentage of epic lines do not observe a B caesura. The largest concentration of such lines in terms of percentage occurs in Hesiod's *Works and Days,* a product of continental Greece:



Far more frequent than this realization in terms of formal structure, however, is the fairly regular presence of rhetorical patterns in the epos that break at the C1 caesura while retaining the B caesura formally:



The correspondence of this tentative shifting of the 'central' caesura in the epos from B to C1 with the transfer found in the scenarius seems significant.

While it is certainly not suggested that the scenarius is a development or child of the epic line, but rather that it is a parallel development outside the epic tradition, both lines deriving ultimately from a single source, the cumulative direction of the evidence seems to indicate that for the fifth century Greek the scenarius as it functioned in the Attic drama may well have been felt as a form highly correspondent, in terms of an altered language form, to the epic line as it functioned in Homer.

[1]This article is a section of a projected longer paper in explanation of Porson's Canon. The principal sources for reference are Antoine Meillet, **Les Origines Indo-europeenes des metres grecs** (Paris, 1923) for the Indo-European metrical background; H. N. Porter, "The early Greek hexameter" in **Yale Classical Studies** 12:1-63 (1951) for the caesural patterns of the epic line, with the exception of the D caesura; Eugene G. O'Neill, Jr., "The localization of metrical word types in the Greek hexameter. Homer, Hesiod, and the Alexandrians" in **Yale Classical Studies** 8:119 ff. (1942) for the historical change in the epic line in Greek literature; and my own thesis, **Hesiod's Works and Days: an Exemplar of the Ancient Greek Oral Style**, which is in the Archives of Harvard University and is basic to this article.

[2]The form of the Greek line is dependent upon a sequence of so called 'long' and 'short' syllables. Diagrammatically a 'long' is indiciated by '—', a 'short' by '∪', while 'x' represents either.

[3]I hasten to emphasize that this conclusion, as reached in my **Hesiod**, is in no way connected with or dependent on the Usener-Schroeder hypothesis.

J. W. SMURR

TOMORROW . . .

Having surrendered their civil liberties to the Supreme Court and their hopes of survival to the President, the American people feel justifiably annoyed with thinkers who keep disturbing their repose with vexing ideas on presumably settled questions. The greatest offenders in this respect are without doubt those who propose new solutions to the arms race. I nevertheless feel that these critics of society ought to be encouraged to set their views in print, for after the bombs have begun to fall, but while there is still time for fixing the blame, we can point to the articles in question as proof that we were a peaceloving nation, very preoccupied with the task of avoiding total war. No one need know that the articles were hardly ever read. Their mere existence will provide comfort to us all.

With that as a preamble, let us turn next to one of those completely absurd disarmament proposals that no one in his right mind would for a moment consider. I will advocate this proposal as vigorously as I can, since without evidence of sincerity on my part our detractors abroad will not take the essay seriously, and the hoped-for effect mentioned in the first paragraph will be lost. Strictly for the record, I desire to say that I find that American foreign policy since 1945 has been correct in every particular and that the blame for the nuclear catastrophe, should it occur, cannot be laid at our door. And more: I feel that anything we do is inherently right, because we are so good.

Since the more farsighted members of the human race first conceived the possibility that physical science and military science would combine to destroy humanity unless some check were placed upon the horrible weapons being devised, there have been numerous international disarmament conferences, all of them failures.[1] In most cases the hopes of really achieving anything were so faint from the beginning that the participating countries limited themselves to calling for the reduction of armaments. Inasmuch as these conferences span both the pre-atomic and atomic ages, it is reasonable to conclude that the same causes were working against success during the whole period.

Had each nation been able to assure itself that in a weapon-less world it would have gained or kept the political boundaries it had always favored, the large share of worldly goods it had so long coveted or enjoyed, and a highly favorable climate for the particular ideology it chose to espouse or defend, there would have been no difficulty in getting all the parties to throw down their arms immediately. But as it was clear that in no circumstances could a pie so small be cut into so many large pieces, the more ambitious younger states gave little thought to disarmament, while the richly-endowed older ones, feeling themselves marked out for despoliation in any international share-the-wealth program, fell back on the time-honored argument of self defense, refusing to disarm because others would not. And these older powers — colonial proprietors like England and France — had in any event to maintain large forces for possible use against native uprisings in their respective empires, forces which could just as well be used against other nations, as was frequently pointed out by the potential victims.

In other words, the idea of disarmament ran counter to national hopes and aspirations, and was therefore given second place every time.

When nuclear power burst upon the world and people began to say that the older diplomats had been wrong in refusing to make large sacrifices of national sovereignty in order to prevent mass destruction, the United States came forward almost at once with a sweeping proposal for nuclear disarmament based on the idea of international supervision and control (June 1946).[2] Although this plan gained millions of grateful supporters abroad, and even today is taken by most Americans as proof that their country is altogether free of blame for any nuclear war that might come about (since the Russians turned down the plan and all later ones of similar cast), it is easy to see how the scheme might appear insincere when viewed from the other side of the Iron Curtain.

At the time the proposal was made, the Russians were perfecting their plans for the infiltration and capture of the future east European satellites. If the United States really intended to surrender its atomic power, leaving the enormous Russian armies free to guard or even extend the victories of their politicians, the future of world Communism was bright indeed. But the American plan did *not* call for an immediate breakup of the bombs we had on hand. On the contrary, the government proposed to dispose of them at a rate to be determined by a treaty which certainly would take a lot of time to draw up and ratify, even among friends; and no one could predict what deadline would be set by the treaty itself. Because there was, in those days, no practicable way for Russia to "conquer" the United States, the bombs which we retained could hardly be called defensive. A person with a Communist outlook

could only conclude that they were being held in reserve for an anti-Communist thrust of some sort. The Russians therefore proposed that all existing atomic bombs be destroyed within three months.[3] This time the Americans refused. The Russians then spun out the negotiations as long as possible while they finished off the satellites (1948) and developed their own nuclear power (1949).[4]

The failure of the first postwar disarmament attempt has set the pattern for all the rest. The lesson to be learned from it is this: that there will probably be no universal disarmament until the Reds are convinced that once they have thrown away their weapons they will still have a good chance to advance the Communist cause. On the whole, they have profited from the tensions engendered by a growing dread of nuclear catastrophe. The lengths to which they have recently gone in the direction of brinkmanship shows how highly they value the weapon of fear. So long as this cruel game can be played with any hopes of success, we may expect them to sabotage future disarmament conferences as they have those of the past. Yet it is by no means certain that the Russians will remain adamant toward total disarmament. Should their economy reach the heights they plan for it, and their general prestige be raised by successes in other lines, they could easily come to feel that disarmament would favor them, not the United States and its allies. In such a case, they might well make the grand gesture at last. But this is mere surmise, and we have had quite enough of that in recent years.

Nothing can alter the fact that the human race is in danger of extinction, and this desperate state of affairs cries aloud for an immediate remedy. What the Russians choose to do or not to do thirty years hence, no man can say. Whether the Chinese will behave better than the Russians after they acquire nuclear power, is equally problematical. Nothing more certain can be said about the hideous possibility that we may waken one day to find that France, an atomic power already, has at its head a fascist dictator. And as to how many other countries will acquire superweapons of the most destructive kind, only a gambler would care to fix a limit.

The hard fact is, if we want to put an end to the nuclear menace we must pay a price for it, and a high price. This is not to say that we have to pay the supreme price, surrender in the face of the foe. Notwithstanding the noble idealism which characterizes some of the plans calling for complete disarmament by single nations, the authors of these schemes are presenting us with alternatives which we need not face, so early in the game. And the same may be said for the adherents of the "Better dead than Red" school of thought, a school whose popular tag sufficiently exposes its intellectual limitations. Whatever other writers may mean when they speak of the "price" to be paid in exchange for universal and total disarma-

ment, the present writer means the political concessions we and our allies must make to the Communist powers in order to gain their assent to such a program. And he means a "price" that emerges from hard bargaining, in which our opponents, too, must make large concessions of the same tenor. So the only question which remains is: "How high shall we go in the bidding?"

For an answer to that question we must return to the year 1946. Let us assume that the Baruch plan for international control of atomic energy (referred to earlier) had been accepted by the Russians. Let us further assume that the Baruch plan had also included a ban on conventional weapons as well, so that no nation was then left with any more fighting power than its domestic police could supply. And finally, let us make another imaginative leap and think of the Russia of 1946 as the Russia we know today, with its great scientific potential and its more productive economy. In such a world as that, who would be ahead in the Cold War today?

Bearing in mind that in these hypothetical circumstances every dispute between Russia and the West after 1946 would have been carried on in a world where military force could not be used *because it did not exist,* anyone can see that the outcome in certain cases would have been very different, and it is equally apparent that some of the more embittered clashes need never have taken place at all. With military strategy and counter-strategy playing such a large role in all these confrontations, it is permissable to assume that under a different mode of operation the political map of the world would by now have a different appearance from the one we are accustomed to.

Therefore, in answer to the question of how much we should be willing to concede to the Communist powers by way of winning them over to the idea of total and universal disarmament, the following formula is proposed. Let our leaders re-survey the events of the Cold War and endeavor to see how well we would have done in each instance if, instead of employing force or the threat of force, both sides had been contending vigorously with *non-military* forces alone: economic, psychological, ideological, and so on. To be on the safe side and provide a good margin for error, it will be wisest to measure the Russian strength in these affairs in terms of their present potential, as was suggested earlier.

Should our leaders conclude, for example, that China would have "gone Communist" in any case, and perhaps Cuba as well, whereas Hungary, Poland, and East Germany would presumably have broken away from the Red sphere if the Russian army had let them, these are the kinds of facts we will take into account when preparing to bid for peace. And as it is *world* peace we are after, and not merely the settlement of isolated disputes whose "solution" somehow always leaves humanity still locked in the grip of fear, we

must throw everything into the pot and give up the idea that we can, let us say, liberate Berlin and postpone the question of Vietnam to a better day. If the Russians surrender Berlin, we will have to surrender something else. It might have to be Vietnam.

Having made up our list of maximum political concessions, we must then see if our allies are willing to go so far. Some will not want to go so far as we, others much farther. When a final list is agreed upon we will then contact the Russians, secretly or openly, as the public temper then suggests, and will tell them what we have in mind: a gigantic horse-trading operation, tied to a subsequent universal and total disarmament, the one depending on the other—a package deal.

If the Communists refuse to do anything after seeing what we have to offer, we will then continue to operate along present lines and with present methods. Sooner or later, if they become frightened enough at the prospect of nuclear ruin, or confident enough in their growing economies, they will take us up seriously. The important thing is to keep our proposals in front of their faces where all the neutrals can see them.

When finally the Reds come around, they will want to know how they can trust us to keep hands off the territories we concede as a price for disarmament. We will then trot out our survey of the Cold War, and show how they would probably have made gains even without the use of force, and we will argue that this augurs well for their retention of those gains, provided they have sense enough to treat their subject peoples better. With their vast military budget cut to zero, the Russians will indeed be able to win over many of the malcontents, for their industrial potential would then be free to turn to consumer production without interruption, a fact of the utmost importance in this whole scheme.

If the Communists follow us to this point, they will next begin to talk loudly about the uncommitted nations. What will the ground-rules be there? Very simple: the uncommitted nations will figure in the world disarmament treaty as neutrals which both power groups will be free to draw into their respective camps, if they can. No political arrangements will be made for the neutrals at all. The treaty will ignore them, save for taking their weapons away. (If they hang back, we and the Russians will take their weapons by force, before we lay down our own.)

As to precisely when we can expect the Communist powers to take up such negotiations seriously, the answer is all too plain. The sooner we make it worth their while, the sooner they will act. True though it is that they will probably disarm when they feel they have at last surpassed the West in economics and other important pursuits, we cannot wait for that, indeed, we might be very sorry that we failed to act while still ahead of the game. Is there, then,

no yardstick but our own selfish fear of destruction which can justify us in throwing to the wolves the various peoples of the world whom the Russians will insist be placed under the Red Star before they will agree to disarm? I have searched my own conscience on this matter, and I am convinced that an affirmative answer can be returned.

It seems to me that we have no moral right to demand the freedom of those peoples whom we have already lost to Communism without direct military intervention by the Red nations. It is not enough, in my eyes, that force has often been employed by the local Communists to gain their ends. Military *coups d'état* are not new to history, and if we are obligated to throw out every régime which has gained power by force we might as well send a letter of submission to Queen Elizabeth II tomorrow. Do we propose — have we ever proposed? — to oust the rightist military régimes so prevalent in the western hemisphere? We certainly made no move to deny office to Hitler and Mussolini, not to mention Franco. At what point in history did the Lord saddle us with such a fearful responsibility? Where is the sacred text that reveals this duty to us? Surely a distinction must be drawn between the east European upheavals and repressions which took place with the assistance of Russian regiments, and the various radical movements in Asia which fed for years upon captured Japanese weapons left over from the last war.

Taking it to be nevertheless certain that there exists an independent yardstick in common morality, the task before us in plotting the future of the Communist victims not included in the above class is still far from simple. It is, after all, a characteristic of morality that its imperatives shade off from the absolute to the conditional. To take a practical instance, if it were to be asserted that the western powers are absolutely bound by moral law to restore democracy in the east European satellites, I could never assent to such a doctrine. All but one of these states had ceased to be democracies before the Second World War occurred, and some of them actually took up arms against the West (and against Russia). The political instability of the eastern nations was an accepted fact of European life before the war. There is no certainty that they would have become, or long remained, democratic commonwealths after 1945, even if the Russians had miraculously left them to their own devices. It is with this sort of situation in mind that I emphasized the need to speculate on what might have happened in the world if arms had not been employed in the service of diplomacy after the War. Our moral commitment cannot be called absolute in places where the people enslaved themselves before the Russians enslaved the state. Some writers consider Cuba to be an example of this. The reader will perhaps think of others.

In a number of cases we do have what appears to be an absolute moral commitment to rescue certain territories from the Red menace. The island of Formosa is a commonly-cited instance, as is Berlin and South Korea (and Czechoslovakia). And there are others with strong claims on us. In these cases it does not matter that the areas concerned were possibly not democratic, for we have made so many extravagant promises to the people there and have fed them on hope for so long that it would be inhuman to turn our backs on them now. Doubtless the very minimum we must do is move them out of their present homes and establish them in free lands, at our expense; but that would be a harsh thing to do, justified only if the world were spared annihilation thereby.

It will not be lost on readers who have some knowledge of international politics that there remains one great reform to be effected before the world disarmament treaty can be properly carried out. Once the nations are stripped of military power *per se* they will still have the use of domestic police forces which could grow into armies, if not closely watched. The United Nations Organization will naturally inherit the task. Fortunately a good deal of hard thought has already been given to the problem of arms control. The technical questions involved should lend themselves to a solution quite easily if a breakthrough in the political sphere has already taken place.[5] A more difficult problem is the UN itself. The Baruch plan called for an end to the Security Council veto in matters affecting disarmament. This idea will have to be revived, and in truth it hardly seems possible that a general reconstruction of the Organization can be avoided. When by means of a disarmament treaty the UN becomes the keeper-of-the-peace in *fact*, as it has long been in theory, no one will feel safe with the kind of UN we now have. Yet here again one feels that a situation seemingly incorrigible at the moment will be remedied soon if the Powers are already in accord on the disarmament issue. All true friends of the UN should rejoice at the prospect thus opened up.

The idea that led to the writing of this article was my conviction that the contending Powers do not really know what their opponents actually want. To be sure, the Reds want to uproot liberalism and Communize the world, but how long they are willing to court total destruction in order to achieve their heart's desire is not known to us, and evidently not known to them either. They might settle for less. It is worth finding out. Theoretically considered, a general redrawing of the map in the interests of disarmament could be accepted by them without stretching their Marxist conscience one inch. Capitalism being doomed anyhow, such concessions as they are called upon to make in order to prevent a world holocaust could be accepted as a temporary arrangement certain to be cancelled out in time by the impersonal forces of history, *à la Marx.*

The flaw in this reasoning is that no one can say just how much grip orthodox Marxism still has on the leaders of the Kremlin, who, like our own leaders, have grown so accustomed to planning and counter-planning in terms of military weapons that they find it hard to think in other terms.

As for the Western powers, they are said to desire "freedom" for all mankind, yet anyone who has thought about the matter realizes that this is a mere slogan. The United States appears at present to represent the only great power which means what it says, on this subject. Certain non-Communist political parties in Western Europe have long favored a general political settlement of some sort, while the more conservative parties which recently have been governing these states are more concerned with national considerations than with world Communism, save where the latter appears in the form of a military threat. What the neutrals think of our dogmatism on the subject of liberty is already quite clear. And the South American leaders who support our anti-Communist drive (when it pleases them) are very uncertain oracles of public opinion in those countries. Adding it all up, one suspects that on the Western side the only real obstacle to a gigantic political settlement is the United States, whose leaders have good reason to think that once the negotiations begin our followers will leave us in the lurch, to the applause of the neutrals.

So we come down to the American people themselves, and what they think about all this. And once again we find ourselves confronted with a body of people whose true opinions are not known. We know what Americans think of Communism as a military threat. We know what they think of Communist subversion at home. We emphatically do not know what they are prepared to do to combat Communism abroad once disarmament has been attained. It is high time the formula-enthusiasts at Washington meet the people. Every day our government grows further away from us — hiding things from us, brainwashing us, drawing us on with spectres . . .

And every day the ultimate disaster comes nearer . . .

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[1]The major gatherings were held at The Hague (1899 & 1907), Paris (1919), Washington (1921), Geneva (1927), London (1930), and numerous places under the UN regime. Some of the conferences resulted in a reduction of armaments. As devices for making war less likely or less horrible they were failures to the fullest extent.

[2]Committee on Foreign Relations, **A Decade of American Foreign Policy: Basic Documents, 1941-49**, Sen. Doc. No. 123, 81 Cong., 1st sess. (1950), pp. 1079-87.

[3]**Ibid.**, pp. 1087-93.

[4]During this period the Russians likewise defeated UN attempts to control conventional weapons.

[5]The American government is ready with a plan: United States Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, **Blueprint for the Peace Race**. Publication 4, Series 3 (Wash., D.C.: GPO, 1962).

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